



MESS SONGS

And Rhymes of the RAAF

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New Guinea, 1945

MESS SONGS AND RHYMES

of the

R . A . A . F .

1939 - 1945

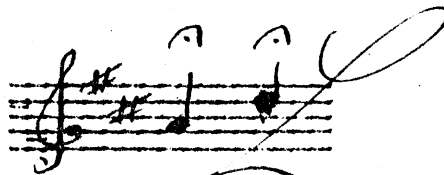
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Compiler.

New Guinea, September, 1945

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(MS. song "Poxy Flo," page 74, published in Laycock.)

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CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS.

Tune: JOHN PEEL

The donkey on the common is a solitary moke,
And it's very very seldom that he ever gets a poke,
But when he does he lets it soak,
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

Chorus. Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Some with syphilis and some with piles,
But they all have their arseholes wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The Australian lady emu, when she wants to find a mate,
Wanders round the desert with a feather up her date,
You should see that feather quiver when she meets her destined
And she revels in the joys of copulation. / fate .

The poor domestic doggie on the chain all day,
Never gets a chance to let himself go gay,
So he licks at his dick in a frantic way,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The labours of the poofter find but little favour here,
But the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful sleep, I fear,
As he dreams he rips a red 'un up some dirty urchin's rear,
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The poor old Creeping Jesus, of his morals there's no doubt,
He walks around St. Kilda with his doodle hanging out,
And when he sees a wench, it up and hits him in the snout,
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song,
He had a pond'rous penis, fully forty cubits long,
You should hear his high crescendo when his mate is on the prong,
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The owls in the trees, and the cats on the tiles,
One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in files,
You can hear delighted howls and shrieks for miles,
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The poor old elephant, so it seems,
Is seldom troubled with any wet dreams,
But when he does it comes in streams,
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows,
He takes two days to have a shag, but when he's in the throes,
He doesn't stop to take it out, - He piddles through his nose,
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The lady by the seashore was feeling very blue,
She saw the children at it, and she thought it wouldn't do,
So she bought three bahanas, and she ate the other two,
A she revelled in the joys of copulation.

In Egypt's sunny clime, the crocodile,
Gets a flip only once in a while,
But when he does he floods the Nile,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The old wild boar in the mud all day,
Thinks of the sows that are far, far away,
And the corkscrew motion of half a day,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The poor rhinoceros, so it appears,
Never gets a grind in a thousand years,
But when he does he makes up for arrears,
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

The poor old desert camel has no water for a week,
And as he doesn't drink, the poor old bugger cannot leak,
So he has to hold his water, so to speak,
While he revels in the joys of copulation.

If you wake up in the morning with a devil of a stand,
And a funny sort of feeling in your seminary gland,
And you haven't got a woman, - just lie back and use your hand,
And you'll revel in the joys of copulation.

Little Mary Johnson will be seven next July,
She's never had a naughty, but she thought she's like to try,
So she took her daddy's walking stick and did it on the sly,
And she revelled in the joys of copulation.

The dirty little bed bug has his morals torn to bits,
When he sees a husband playing with his wifie's rosy tits;
So he searches out and fornicates a thousand million nits,
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning with thoughts of sexual joy,
And your wife has got the monthlies, and your daughter says she's
/ coy,

Just rip it up the rectum of your eldest boy,
And you'll revel in the joys of copulation.

THE BALL AT KERRYMUIR.

The Ball! The Ball! The Ball! The Ball!

The Ball, the Ball, the Ball at Kerrymuir,
Where four and twenty prostitutes came dancing through the door,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time? Wha'll die it noo?"
The man who did it last time, canna do it noo!"

And when the ball it started, they all began to jig,
Before a half an hour was gone, they all began to frig,
Singing "Wha'll die it etc"

First lady curtsey, second lady pass,
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's arse,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time etc."

With balls to your partner, and bums against the wall,
If ye canna get fook on Saturday night, ye canna get fook at all,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

The minister, yes he was there, he wasna' foolin' weel,
He couldna' hold his water in the middle of the reel,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

The person's daughter she was there, the saucy little runt,
With poison ivy round her arse, and thistles up her cunt,
Singing "Wha'll die it theistime" etc.

There was fooking in the highways, and fooking in the lanes,
Ye couldna' hear the music for the rattlin' of the stanes,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

The chimney sweep, now he was there, they had to ekuck him oot,
For every time he broke his wind, the room was filled with soot,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

The Minister's daughter, she was there, she went to gather sticks,
She couldna' find a blade of grass, for balls and standing pricks,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

Now Annie Laurie, she was there, she couldna' find her bye,
But when she found the bastard, he was comin' through the rye,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

And Tom Mc Nab, the farmer, he wept and swore and spat,
For forty acres of his corn, was fairly fooked flat,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

And Bobbie Burns, the blacksmith, he was a mighty man,
With mucker knacks between his legs, which rattled when he ran,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

There was Fookin' in the hallways, and fookin' on the stairs,
You couldna' see the carpets for the crumbs and curly hairs,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

The Ball at Kerriymuir (Continued)

And Neil, the farmer, he was there, it was a bloody shame,
He foocked his lassie forty times, but wouldna' take her hame,
Sing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

There was foockin' in th haystacks, and foockin' in the ricks,
You couldna' hear the bagpipes for the swishin' of the pricks,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

And when the ball was over they all went home to rest,
They'd all enjoyed the dancin', but the foockin' was the best,
Singing "Wha'll die it this time" etc.

.....

NO BALLS AT ALL

Now all you young maidens just listen to me,
And I'll tell you a story that'll fill you with glee,
About a young maiden, so fair and so tall,
Who'd married a man who had no balls at all.
CHORUS. No balls at all! What? No balls at all! What?
She'd married a man who had no balls at all.

On the night of her wedding she went up to bed,
Expecting to lose all her fair maidenhead,
She felt for his penis, and found it was small,
And then she discovered he's no balls at all. CHORUS

So when in the morning she jumped out of bed,
She went to her Mother, "Dear Mother," she said,
My troubles are great, and my pleasures are small,
For I've married a man who has no balls at all." CHORUS

Said the mother, "Dear daughter, don't take it so bad,
Just do for yourself as I did for your Dad,
There are numerous parsons who are willing to call,
And do for the man who has no balls at all!" CHORUS

.....

In the year Anno Domini, One Nine Two Four,
 Around Sulomanya there started a war,
 And everyone hollered and shouted for Bert,
 To pull operations staff out of the dirt,
 For they'd no balls at all, No balls at all,
 Their engines out out, and they'd no balls at all!

There once was a pilot who went to bomb "Sul",
 His bombs were alright, but his tanks were not full,
 His bomber below through the phone clear did call,
 "If your engines out out, you'll have no balls at all!"
 "No balls at all, No balls at all,
 "If your engines out out you'll have no balls at all!"

They were just over "Sul" when both engines out out,
 Again through that phone came the agonizes shout,
 "If you land to the north of the Basian Pass,
 Might as well stick the Lewis gun straight up your arse,
 "You'll have no balls at all, no balls at all,
 "If your engine cuts out you'll have no balls at all!"

They looked o'er the side, and could quite plainly see,
 Old Sheik Mahmud and his party at tea,
 Sitting around midst the stones and the rocks,
 Discussing Spring fashions in pruning men's cocks,
 They'd have no balls at all, No balls at all,
 If their engine cuts out they'll have no balls at all!"

They landed and ran like the chaff 'fore the wind,
 With a bowie knife party ten paces behind,
 They knew they were due for some terrible shocks,
 So they banged out their privates with large spiky rocks,
 They had no balls at all, No balls at all,
 Their engine out out, so they'd no balls at all."

Saint Peter reclined on a high fleecy cloud,
 And the Orderly Angel came floating around.
 "Excuse me," said he, "But it's quite plain to me,
 That here is a signam that you ought to see!
 "It's by W/T, and it's marked with a "P",
 Addressed to Saint Peter, repeat Holy Three,
 "Sender's name "AIR", today's date and to say.
 That an old Rolls Royce Vernon has started our way.
 "With no balls at all, no balls at all,
 "Their engines out out and they've no balls at all!"

They went to the drome in the midst of the night,
 They placed out the flares, and they placed them all right,
 They popped off the Vorey lights, Red, Green and White,
 To show where the strip was ere they should alight,
 With no balls at all, no balls at all,
 Their Engines out out, and they'd no balls at all."

Continued overleaf.

They came into land, they were full of good cheer,
 And Saint Peter said "Lads, let us split the odd beer!"
 The pilot replied in a voice clear and shrill,
 "Thank you, Saint Peter, I think that we will,
 "For we've no balls at all, no balls at all,
 "Our engines out out and we've no balls at all!"

The moral of the story's quite plain to see,
 Look after your petrol wherever you be,
 And if midst the Kurds and the Arabs you'd roam,
 And you must have them out, have them out out at home,
 You'll have no balls at all, no balls at all,
 If your engines out out, you'll have no balls at all.

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MORE ABOUT DARWIN.

Tune: John Brown's Body

We came right up to Darwin just to help to win the war,
 And forgot about a lot of things we used to like before,
 But there's a thing or two on which we're feeling rather sore,
 As we go marching on.
Chorus. We don't want to live in Darwin, Austerity has come to Dar-
 win,
 It's terribly austere now in Darwin,
 Now austerity's here.

They've taken all the girls away and haven't left a soul,
 And there's not a girl about the place who isn't black as coal,
 So things are pretty lousy, taking ev'rything on the hole,
 As we go marching on. Chorus. WE don't want to live etc

They say that down below the pubs are chock-a-block with beer,
 But you can take my word for it, we never get it here,
 Because ~~where~~ we are so terribly and fearfully austere,
 As we go marching on. Chorus. We don't want to live etc

The little bastard up the line called on us long ago,
 He'd come to sleep and stay for keeps, the little so-and-so,
 But now austerity is here, he's left for Tokio,
 As we go marching on. Chorus. We don't want to live etc

They say the Nips have got down on our rubber by the tin,
 We're losing all our privileges one by bloody one,
 And way down South they're having all the night without the fun
 As we go marching on. Chorus. We don't want to live etc

Yes, Darwin now is too austere, but Java would be fine,
 With miles of kegs of ice-cold beer in never-ending line,
 And sitting on each foaming keg, a luscious concubine,
 To help us marching on! Chorus. We don't want to live etc.

.....000000000.....

ABDUL, THE BUL-BUL AMOOR

Now the harems of Egypt are fair to behold,
 And the ladies the fairest of fair,
 But the fairest, a Greek, she was owned by a sheik,
 One Abdul, the Bul-Bul Amoor.

A travelling brothel was brought to the town,
 By a Russian who came from afar,
 And he issued a challenge to all who could shag,
 Did Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

Now Abdul did ride with some snatch by his side,
 His face was all flushed with desire,
 And he wagered a thousand that he could outride,
 Count Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

The spectacle great was arranged for a date,
 When a visit was made by the Tzar,
 The streets were all lined with the harlots entwined,
 With Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

They met on the track with their tools hanging slack,
 The starter's gun punctured the air,
 Both were quick on the rise, but all gasped at the size,
 Of Abdul the Bul-Bul Amoor.

The trots were all shorn, and no frenchies were worn,
 And Abdul's bum revved like a car,
 But he hadn't a hope 'gainst the long even stroke,
 Of Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

After Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun,
 He bent down to polish his pair,
 When he felt something shoot up his old brown cheroot,
 'Twas Abdul, the Bul-Bul Amoor.

The harlots turned green, and the men shouted "quon!"
 They were ordered apart by the Tzar,
 But fast they were stuck, it was rotten bad luck,
 For Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

But the cream of the joke, when apart they were broke,
 Was laughed at for years by the Tzar,
 For Abdul, the fool, he had buggared his tool,
 On the ring of skivinski Skivar.

Among Muscovite maidens Count Ivan ranks high,
 The best ram 'neath the pale polar star,
 For he shagged to a standstill the pride of the East,
 Did Ivan Skivinski Skivar.

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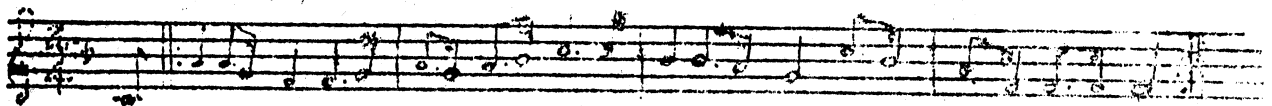
Last Monday morning the Missus said, "now Bet,
Go down to a steamship and get yourself a job."
So being a man of action I hopped on board a tram,
And ywenty minutes later I was a lavatory man.

Now my girl Flo, she thinks the world of me,
But she doesn't know I work in a ladies lavatory.
She comes down to meet me, dressed in lovely clothes,
But where the hell she gets them, God only knows.

Her hats are black and blue and her shoes are black and tan,
And I know she doesn't get them from the lavatory man.

One day upon the gangway from my duties I'm relieved,
When looking on the wharf a lovely lady I perceived.
A lovely looking lady, full of grace and charm,
She had a lot of luggage and a baby on her arm.

I raced down that gangway, just like a knight of old,
And grabbed the infant from her arms, -It was just 3 weeks old.
It left a brown and yellow stain, on my uniform spick and span,
The bastard must have known I was the Lavatory man.

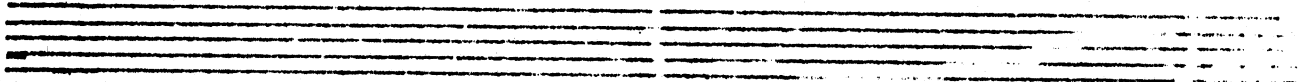


✓ THE SPARROW SONG.

There was a fucking sparrow, lived up a fucking spout,
Along came a fucking rainstorm and washed the fucker out.
And as he lay a-sprawling, upon the fucking grass,
He told the fucking rainstorm, to kiss his fucking arse.

And when the storm was over, and likewise too the rain,
That silly fucking sparrow, crawled up that spout again.
Up came a fucking sparrowhawk, who spied him in his snuggery,
He sharpened up his beak and claws, and chewed him up to buggary.

Up came a fucking sportsman, wet had a fucking gun,
And shot that fucking sparrowhawk, and spoilt his fucking fun,
The moral to this story, is plain to everyone,
It's them what lives up fucking spouts, don't have no fucking fun.



THE GOOD SHIP VENUS.

It was the good ship Venus, My God you should have seen us,
Our figure-head was a whore in bed, our crest a rampant penis.

CHORUS. Tiddly-om; Pom Pom, Tiddly-om Pom Pom,
Tiddly-om, tiddly-om, tiddly-om Pom Pom.

The Captain's name was Mugger, upon that dirty lugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, the fornicating buggar. CHORUS.

The Captain's wife was Nabal, each time that she was able,
She and the mate would fornicate upon the galley table. CHORUS.

The first mate's name was Wiggun, By God, he had a big'un,
We bashed his cock with a lump of rock, for friggin' in the
/riggin', CHORUS

The Skipper's little daughter, she fell into the water,
Ecstatic squeals revealed that eels had found her sexual quarter. CHORUS.

The cabin boy's name was Ripper, a cunning little nipper,
He filled his arse with broken glass, and circumcised the skipper. CHORUS

The ladies of the nation arose in indignation,
And filled his bum with chewing gum, - A smart retaliation! CHORUS

The bosun's name was Andy, My God, that man was randy,
We boiled his bum in redhot rum, for coming in the brandy. CHORUS.

The carpenter Carruthers, beloved of all the others,
He wasn't quite hermaphrodite, a mistake of his Mother's. CHORUS

The ship's dog's name was Rover, we fairly bowled him over,
And ground and ground that faithful hound, from Calais Roads
to Dover. CHORUS.

On the trip to Buenos Aires, we rogered all the fairies,
We got the syph. at Teneriffe, and Clap in the Canaries, CHORUS

'Twas in the China station, at the Xmas celebration,
We sank a junk with a load of spunk through mutual masturbation. CHORUS

The cook's name was O'Malley, for him no shilly-shally,
He shot his bolt with such a jolt, he wrooked the bloody galley. CHORUS.

The bosun's name was Tupper, we rubbed his balls with butter,
The charge wizzed past the mizzen mast, and foamed against the
scupper. CHORUS.

The Captain was elated, the crew investigated,
They found some sand in his prostate gland, -- he had to be
castrated. CHORUS.

She was sweet sixteen, and the village queen,
Pure and innocent was Angeline.
Never had a thrill, and a virgin still. Poor Little Angeline.

Now the village squire had a low desire,
He was the dirtiest bastard in the shire,
And he'd set his heart on the vital part, Of Poor Little Angeline.

At the village fair the squire was there,
Masturbating in the middle of the square,
When he chanced to see the dainty knee of poor little Angeline.

She had raised her skirt to avoid the dirt,
As she tripped between the puddles of the Squire's last squirt,
And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw, of Poor Little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said "your Cat,
"Has been run over and is squashed quite flat,
But my car is in the square, and I'll take you there, Dear Little
Angeline.

Now the dirty turd should have got the bird,
Instead she followed him without a word,
And as they drove away, you could hear the people say, Poor Little
Angeline.

They had not gone far when he stopped the car,
And took her over to the local bar,
Where he filled her with gin, just to tempt her to sin, Poor little
Angeline.

When he'd oiled her well he took her to a dell,
And decided to give her, bloody fucking hell,
And to try his luck at a lay down fuck, On poor little Angeline.

With a cry of rape he raised her cape,
Poor little Angeline had no escape,
Now it's time someone came to save the fair name, of poor little
Angeline.

Now the story is told of a blacksmith bold,
Who'd loved little Angeline for years untold,
He was handsome too, and had promised to be true, to Poor Little
Angeline.

But said to say, that very same day,
The blacksmith had been put into goal to stay,
For coming in his pants, at the local dance, With Poor Little Angeline.

Now the prison cell overlooked the dell,
Where the squire was giving her bloody fucking hell,
And as she lay on the grass, he recognised the arse, of Poor Little
Angeline.

So he gave a start, and a mighty fart,
Which blew the prison bars wide apart,
And he ran like shit lest the Squire should split, Poor Little
Angeline.

(Continued Overleaf)

When he got to the spot,
He saw her twot,
And tied the villain's penis in a knot,
And as he lay on his guts he was kicked in the nuts,
By poor little Angelina.

"Oh Blacksmith, I love you, I love you, I do,
And I see by your trouseres that you love me too,
Here I am, undressed, so come and do the rest,
Said Poor Little Angelina.

Now it won't take long to finish this song,
For the blacksmith's tool was over one foot long,
And his phallic charm was as brawny as his arm,
POOR LITTLE ANGELINE!

.....00000.....

✓ When there isn't a girl about.

When there isn't a girl about you do feel lonely,
When there isn't a girl about, you're on your own,
Absolutely on the self, nothing to do but bugger yourself,
When there isn't a girl about!

Old Robinson Crusoe, lived a life of debauchery,
On a christmas isle, in the Southern Seas,
Late one night, when he got into bed,
He whipped his old Cazooks out, and this is what he said,
"Get hold of this, Get hold of that,
Get hold of this, get hold of that.
When there isn't a girl about etc.

Tom Tom the Piper's son, stole a pig an away he ran
In and out the houses, down the shady lanes,
He caught that pig, and grabbed it by the head,
And whipping his old Cazooks out, this is what he said
Get hold of this, Get hold of that etc

Little Miss Muffet, sat on a tuffet,
Giving herself a candle-wang, giving herself a thrill,
Along came a spider, and sat down beside her,
He whipped his old Cazooks out, and this is what he said,
Get hold of this, get hold of that etc.

Our Flight Sergeant, he's got a wooden leg,
He forgot to take it off when he got into bed,
His wife got in beside him, and saw it lying there,
Then grasping it with both her hands, she offered up this
Prayer,
Get hold of this, get hold of that,
When there isn't a girl about etc.

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ROLLING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

Page 9.

One day Nancy and the Deacon climbed the mountain side at noon
They climbed right up the mountain, but very very soon,
She came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain very wise,
For she wouldn't give the deacon,
That there thing that he was seekin',
And she's still as pure as West Virginian skies.

Then came Henderson the traeller with his phrases sweet and kind
He took Nancy up the mountain,
But she wouldn't change her mind,
She came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain by the dam,
She remains, as we have state,
Still quite uncontaminated,
And as pure as a West Virginian ham.

Then came the village cowboy, came the cowboy with his song,
He Took Nancy up the mountain but she still knew right from wrong,
She came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain by the creek,
For despite the cowboy's urgin'
She remains the village virgin,
And as pure as her Pappy's apple-jack.

Then came the City slicker with his hundred dollar bill,
He put Nancy in his Packard and he drove her up the hill,
She stayed up in the mountain,
She remained up in the mountain,
She delayed up in the mountain all that night,
She came down the mountain early,
More a woman than a girlie,
And her Father kicked the hussy out of sight.

There's an ending to my ditty, -she is living in the City,
And from all accounts she's doing mighty well,
For she's dining and she's wining,
And she's on her back reclining,
And the old Virginian Hills can go to hell.

.....0000000.....

THE OLD MILK RUN

Tune:- The Band played on.

Night after night you will find us in flight,
On the Old Milk Run,
Sunset to dawn, you will find us airborne,
On the Old Milk Run.
With looks at our clocks, watch the old "Lordy-box"
Believe me it isn't much fun,
Through the rain and the shit, and there's plenty of it,
On the Old Milk Run.

.....0000000.....

When I went home last Saturday night my darling wife to see,
I saw a hat upon the rack, where my hat ought to be.
So I said to my wifey, "Oh Wifey, tell to me,
"Whose is that hat upon the rack, where my hat ought to be?"
"Oh, you're blind and drunk, you silly old cunt,
"You're blind and cannot see,
"For that is but the piss pot, that you gave unto me!"
Now ten thousand miles I've travelled, ten thousand miles or
But I've never seen a piss pot with a hat band on before.

When I went home last Saturday night, my darling wife to see,
I saw a thing inside her thing where my thing ought to be,
So I said unto Wifey "Explain this unto me,
"What is that thing inside your thing where my thing ought to be
"Oh you're blind and drunk, you silly old cunt,
"You're blind and cannot see,
"For that is but the rolling pin that you gave unto me!"
Now ten thousand miles I've travelled,
Tenthousand miles or more,
But I never saw a rolling pin with balls on it before.

When I went home last Saturday night my darling wife to see,
I saw a face beside her face where my face ought to be,
So I said to my Wifey "Explain this unto me.
~~"Whose face is that beside your face where my face ought to be"~~
"Whose face is that beside your face where my face ought to be
"Oh you're blind and drunk you silly old cunt,
"You're blind and cannot see,
For that is but the baby's bum that you gave unto me!
Now ten thousand miles I've travelled,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But I never saw a baby's bum with whiskers on before.

.....oooooooooooo.....

Allied Works Council

Tune:- My Old Kentucky Home.

The Sun shines bright, but it's mucking up the drama,
The squadron is wasting away,
While princely sums are deposited back home,
And the tractors make sweet music half the day.
The pilots sigh and lament their lack of brains,
So childish they only fly a kite,
For if they'd learned tractor driving down the lanes,
They'd be better off than knowing how to fight.

So whinge no more, you bastards,
This jealousy's a curse,
You may shoot Japs down,
But you won't be worth a crown,
Till you learn to drive a tractor in reverse.

.....oooooooooooo.....

The Keyhole in the Door.

I left the party early, 'twas shortly after nine,
 And by some strange co-incidence her room was next to mine,
 And like the bold Columbus, strange regions to explore,
 I took up my position at the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS. The keyhole in the door,
 The keyhole in the door,
 I took up my position,
 At the keyhole in the door.

She crossed o'er to the fireside, her dainty feet to warm,
 With nothing on but a shimmy that revealed her lovely form,
 I prayed that she'd remove it, I prayed for nothing more,
 By God! I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

Chorus. The keyhole in the door, the keyhole in the door,
 By God! I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

I wished that I might enter, I wished for nothing more,
 And after many pleadings I crossed the threshold floor,
 And so no one might see us, as I had done before,
 I rammed her little shimmy through the keyhole in the door.

Chorus. The keyhole in the door etc.

That night I slept in cloger and something else besides,
 And on her snow-white bosom I had some lovely rides.
 Early in the morning my prick was very sore,
 You'd thought that I had stuffed him through the keyhole in
Chorus. The keyhole in the door, etc the door.

Now listen, you astronomers, and men so bloody wise,
 Who gaze up through strange telescopes and study all the skies.
 I'll tell you something certain, I'll tell you something sure,
 Your telescopes have nothing on the keyhole in the door.
Chorus. The keyhole in the door etc.

ooooooooooooo

Rat-a-tat-tat

Tune:- The Poacher.

A boy went into a chandler's shop, some candles for to buy,
 And when he got in the chandler's shop no chander did he spy,
 He loudly knocked, he loudly cried, enough to wake the dead,
 But all he heard was a rat-a-tat-tat right above his head.

Now he was a very inquisitive youth, so up the stairs he went,
 And he was very surprised to find the chandler's wife in bed,
 And she was lying upon her back with a man between her thighs,
 And they were haveing a rat-a-tat-tat, right before his eyes.

And when the deed was over the wife she raised her head,
 And she was very surprised to find the boy beside the bed.
 "Now if you'll keep my secret, boy, to you I will be kind,
 "And you can have a Rat-a-tat-tat- whenever you feel inclined.

In ancient times there lived a maid,
Who carried on a roaring trade,
A prostitute of low repute,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus. Hi Hi Cafoozelum CafoozelumCafoozelum
Hi Hi Cafoozelum, the harlot of Jerusalem.

One day there came a buggar tall,
Who with his cock could shift a rock,
And he had been through nearly all,
The Harlots of Jerusalem. Chorus Hi Hi Cafoozelum etc

He laid her on the earthen floor,
And had his fill of that old whore,
Until his penis grew quite sore,
The same as all Jerusalem. Chorus. Hi Hi Cafoozelum etc

One day there chanced to heave in sight,
A Jebusite, a bloody shite,
Who shagged her there with all his might,
The same as all Jerusalem. Chorus Hi Hi Cafoozelum etc

He took her to a shady nook,
And there from out his pants he took,
A penis like a butcher's hook,
The pride of all Jerusalem. Chorus. Hi Hi Cafoozelum etc

He led her to a shady spot,
And there right in her shiny twot,
He spilt his slimy oily lot,
The best in all Jerusalem. Chorus. Hi Hi Cafoozelum etc

The harlot only took one look,
She seized him by his mighty crook,
And slung him into Jordan's brook,
That flows around Jerusalem. Chorus. Hi Hi Cafoozelum etc

.....00000000.....
The Monk Of Priory Hall

There was a monk of Priory Hall
There was a monk of Priory Hall,
There was a monk of Priory Hall,
He bashed his bollocks against the wall (Repeat 3 times)
Bastard! Shithead! Shite!

He met a maid with jet black eyes (Repeat 3 times)
He placed his hand between her thighs, "S S"
The nasty Bastard! The lousy shithead! The filthy shite!

He laid her on her lily-white bed, (Repeat 3 times)
And shagged her there till she was dead. (Repeat 3 times)
The immoral bastard, the lecherous shithead, the depraved shite!

The parson came, and cried "For Shame!" (repeat 3 times)
And shagged her back to life again. (repeat 3 times)
The ecclesiastical bastard, the episcopalian shithead, the
bible-banging old shite!

.....00000000.....

Tune:- Oh Dear, What can the Matter be,

Oh Dear, what a calamity,
Lots of old ladies locked in a lavatory,
They were there from Monday till Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

They were going to visit the Vicar,
They went in together because it was quicker,
But they didn't know that the door was a sticker,
And nobody knew they were there.

The first one's name was Elizabeth Bender,
She went in there to adjust her suspender,
The end got caught up in her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

The second one's name was Elizabeth Draper,
She went in there hoping someone might rape her,
But all that she got was some pink toilet paper,
And nobody knew she was there.

The third one's name was Elizabeth Porter,
She went in to pass her superfluous water,
She stopped when she'd dribbled a pint and a quarter,
And nobody knew she was there.

The fourth one's name was Elizabeth Jepson,
She had just taken a large dose of Epsom,
And Oh! The result! It was flotsam and jetsom,
And nobody knew she was there.

The fifth one's name was Elizabeth Carter,
She was renowned as a champion farter,
She sat down and puffed off the Moonlight Sonata,
And nobody knew she was there.

The sixth one's name was Elizabeth Humphrey,
She said "Why, this seat is remarkably comfy!"
But when she got up she could not get her bum free,
And nobody knew she was there.

The seventh one's name was Elizabeth Ruffin,
She tried for an hour, but she couldn't do nothin',
She said "That was good!" but they knew she was bluffin',
And nobody knew she was there.

The eighth one's name was Elizabeth Meyer,
She kept on forever, she couldn't retire,
She found the tide rose ever higher and higher,
And nobody knew she was there.

The ninth one's name was Elizabeth Aitken,
She swallowed a seed, which commenced germination,
And there she took root in a queer situation,
And nobody knew she was there.

The tenth one's name was Elizabeth Tanner,
She'd swallowed a flute on a trip to Havana,
She blurted, - and out trilled the Star Spangled Banner,
And nobody knew she was there.

The eleventh one's name was Elizabeth Huddle,
She dropped off to sleep at the height of her huddle,
She woke with a start, with her bum in a puddle,
And nobody knew she was there.

The twelfth one's name was Elizabeth Hooper,
She said, "why these fittings are quite super dooper,
"The paper, I find, makes a fine pooper-scooper,
And nobody knew she was there.

The last one's name was Elizabeth Mollish,
Four bits of paper she found she'd demolish,
One down wipe, One up wipe, One dry wipe, One polish,
And nobody knew she was there.

.....
EARLY IN THE MORNING.

✓ When I was young and in my prime,
I could raise a horn at any time,
But now that I am old and gray,
I only get it once a day,
That's early in the morning,
That's early in the morning,
That's early in the morning,
I get it once a day.

.....
Alice Blue Gown.

✓ In my sweet little Alice Blue Gown,
'Twas the first time I ever was browned,
I was tactful and shy, when he opened his fly,
When I saw what he had, God! I thought I would die,
Then he said to me "Please turn around,
And he shoved that big thing up my brown,
Tho he ripped it and tore it, I'll always adore it,
The first time I ever was browned.

.....

Fellers of Australia,
Blokes and coves and coots!
Shift yer carcasses,
Move yer boots,
Gird yer loins up,
Git yer gun,
And set the enemy —
Watch the bugger run.

Chorus. Git a move on,
Have some sense,
Learn the bl'fuckinart of,
Self de- fence.

When the bugle,
Sounds ad- vance
Don't be like aflock er sheep,
In a trance,
Biff the foeman,
Where it don't agree,
Spiffler eate him to E-
Terni- ty.

Chorus. Git a move on etc

Have some brains be-
Neath yer lids,
Swing a bloody sabre for the
Missus and the kids.

Chuck supportin' lamp-posts,
An' strikin' lights,
Support a family an'
Strike fer yer rights!

Chorus. Git a move on etc

→ Fellers of Australler,
Cobbersn, chaps and mates,
Hear the b enemy,
Kickin at the gates.
Blow the bugle,
Beat the drum,
Uppercut and out the cow to
Kingdem Come!

Chorus. Git a move on.
etc

.....00000000.....
THE FINEST F.....G FAMILY IN THE LAND.

Tune:- The Road to the Isles.

There's a gentlemen's urinal to the North of Waterloo,,
There's ladies lavatory further down,
There's a constipated trollop poking pennies in the slot,
While the bloke in charge looks on her with a frown.
Have you seen my sister Lily, she's a whore in Piccadilly,
My Mother runs a brothel in the Strand,
While my father hawks his arsehole round the Elephant and
Castle.

We're the finest f.....g family in the land.

.....00000000.....

Tune:- Trees

I think that there can never be,
 A thing so lovely as a pee!
 A pee that gives your bladder rest,
 And pulls your balls down from your chest,
 A pee that takes away the beer,
 And leaves a feeling wondrous queer.

Ten thousand lamp-posts for a pup,
 An oak tree for a youth grown up,
 But be it man or be it dog,
 Who only wants to piss, not bog,
 Jerries were made for maids, you see,
 But only man can stand to pee.

.....0000000.....
DING DONG, PING PONG

The vicar of a country church,
 To the curate said in fun,
 "I bet I've had more girls than you."
 And the curate said "It's done!
 "We'll stand at the gate of the churchyard,
 "And this shall be our sign,
 "You say 'Ding-dong' to the girls you've had,
 "I'll say 'Ping-Pong' to mine!"
 DING-Dong, Ping -Pong,
 There were more Ding-Dongs than there were Ping-Pongs,
 Till suddenly a nice young girl came along,
 And the curate said "Ding-Dong".
 Hold Hard, Said the Vicar, No ding -dongd there,
 For that's my wife, I do declare!
 "Balls " said the curate, "I've been there!
 "It was a hell of a good Ding-Dong!"

.....0000000000000.....
THE THREE JEWS.

Once upon a time there were three jews,
 Once upon a time there were three Jews,
 Three Jew Jew Jews, Three Jew Jew Jews,
 Once upon a time there were three Jews.

The first one's name was Abraham etc
 The second one's name was Isaac etc
 The third one's name was Jacob etc
 They all went down to Norfolk etc
 They all fell down a precipice etc
 They took them off to hospital etc
 No beds there were vacant etc
 My song is done, I'll finish it etc.

.....0000000000000.....

Tune: Limericks

There were two young ladies of Birmingham,
And this is the story concerning 'em.
They lifted the frock, and tickled the cock,
And the balls of the Bishop confirming 'em.

But that Bishop, now he was no fool,
For he'd been to a large Public School,
So he took down his breeches,
And buggared those bitches,
With yards of episcopal tool.

.....00000.....

Who'll Buy A Vultee

Tune:- Waltzing Matilda.

Once a jolly pilot and his observer,
Flew on a strike far over the sea,
And they sang as they pranged on Fredrik Hendrik Island,
"Who'll buy a Vultee, a Vultee from me?"
"Who'll but a Vultee, Who'll buy a Vultee,"
"Who'll buy a wiped-off Vultee from me,
And they sang as they pranged on Fredrik Hendrik Island.
"Who'll buy a Vultee, a Vultee from me."

.....00000.....

Jean Baptisse Pourquoi.

Oh, Jean Baptisse Pourquoi, Oh Jean Baptisse pourquoi,
Oh Jean Baptisse, why do you grease,
Your little dog's arse with tar, Ha Ha, He He, Ho Ho,
Bow Wow.

Beacause he had diarroechar, Beacause he has diarrhoea,
That is the reason why I grease,
My little dog's arse with tar, Ha Ha, He He, Ho Ho, Bow Wow.

Continuez, Jean Baptisse, Continuez Jean Baptisse,
Continuez Jean Baptisse to grease,
Your little dog'd arse with tar, Ha Ha, He He, Ho Ho, Bow
Wow.

.....00000.....

Tune :- Dvorak's "Humoresque"

Passengers will please refrain, ~~from~~
 From passing water while the train,
 Is standing at the station or at rest.
 Tramps and hoboes underneath,
 Might get it in their hair and teeth,
 Which really isn't what they like the best.

When passing water, Please call the porter,
 He will place a vessel in the vestibule.

While the train is at the station,
 We encourage constipation.
 Thank you for observance of this rule!

.....000000.....
ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I left Milne Bay with a low desire (3 times)
 Scratching my itches, my balls were on fire,
 So roll your leg over, Roll your leg over once more.

I went to a hotel a-scratching my itches (3 times)
 The first thing I did was to haul down my breeches,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.

I met with a maiden and she was a-weeping, (3 times)
 And then there began such a crawling and creeping,
 So roll your leg over, Roll your leg over once more.

I said to the maid, "May I come to bed with yer?" (Three ti
 The maiden replied "You're not handcuffed or tied,
 So roll your leg over, Roll your leg over once more"

I said to the Maiden "I cannot get in yer" (3 times)
 The maiden replied "There's a knife by the winder"
 So roll your leg over, Roll your leg over once more.

The knife it was sharp and her drawers split asunder (3
 And then we heard music and lightning and thunder, Time
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.

In three months' time the maid sat a-weeping, (3 times)
 And then she remembered the crawling and creeping,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.

In six months' time the baby stirred in her (3 times)
 And then she remembered the knife by the winder,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.

In nine months time the maid split asunder, (3 times)
 And then she remembered the lightning and thunder,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.

Now all you young maidens, let this be a warning (3 times)
 Don't leave your precautions until the next morning,
 So roll your leg over, roll your leg over once more.

.....000000.....

The Lament to a Beaufort.

Page 19

Tune:- John Brown's Body.

The starting of a Beaufort is a most peculiar art,
No matter how you prime them the best they do is fart,
In fact, on some occasions when the dew is on the grass,
One might as well insert the pump up Pratt and Whitney's ^{arse}.

An enthusiastic fitter and some pilots off the course,
Have found to their dismay, and sometimes their remorse,
That to overprime these motors is a wilful misdemeanour,
And has about the same effect as a badly aimed enema.

Now the line-up of the Beauforts is a most impressive sight,
And one to cause old Tojo to shit himself with fright,
But when he sees those Beauforts, all U/S two weeks after,
He smartly changes from shitting, and pisses himself with ^{laughter}.

They say that overpriming washes oil off all the walls,
Then starting is about as hard as rooting* without balls,
In fact the whole procedure is just a bloody farce,
We love our Bristol Beauforts, -Oh Yes! Pigs Fucking arse!

To Hell with all conventions and the methods they dictate,
You can keep your old procedure and ram it up your date,†
'Cos I've come to the conclusion that the way to start the ^{bitch},
Is to get a fucking tractor and tow it in high pitch.

Chorus. E.I! E.I! Everybody come.
Come and see the Beaufort boys all sitting on
their bums,
Trying to start their engines up amid the mighty
roar,
Of all the Hudson pilots who have taken off ~~in~~
before
.....000000000.....

Evacuation Song

(from 77 Squadron)

Tune:- Bless em all.

They say there's a Hudson just leaving Milne Bay,
Bound for the Seven Mile
Heavily laden with terrified men,
Who've been there a bloody long while.

They're shit-scared, and frightened, and brassed off as well
Sergeants and Officers all,
They haven't a notion, in which bloody ocean,
They'll be doing the breast-stroke or crawl.

.....0000000.....

[* Austral: fucking, 'rooting']
[† Austral: arse, 'date']

The Woodpecker's Hole

Page 20

Tune:- "Dixie"

Oh, I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said "God bless my soul!
Take it out! Take it out! Take it out! REMOVE IT!

Oh, I took my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said "God bless my soul,
Put it back! Put it back! Put it back! REPLACE IT!

I left my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Turn it round! Turn it round! Turn it round! REVOLVE IT!

Oh I turned my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Turn it back! Turn it back! Turn it back! REVERSE IT!

I pulled my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
What a thrill! What a thrill! What a thrill! REVOLTING!

.....00000000.....
My Grandfather's Cock

Tune:- My Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's cock was too long for his pants,
And it dragged several feet on the floor,
It was longer be half than the old man himself,
And it weighed nigh a hundredweight more,
He'd a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

CHORUS. Ninety years without cracking it,
 What a cock! What a cock!
 He spent his life whacking it,
 What a cock! What a cock!
 But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
 When the old man died.

My grandfather's cock was too long for his strides,
So he lent it to the woman next door,
She grabbed it by the point, and pulled it out of joint,
So he swore he'd never lend it any more
He'd a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

Chorus: Ninety years without cracking it etc

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Tune. Home on the Range

There are ships on the sea, and they sail with safety,
 For they fear not the raider so bold,
 And the sailor's heart sings as the Cat spreads her wings
 Over cargo more precious than gold.

Chorus. High up in the sky,
 Where they're doing the old S.J.Y.

Oh the convoy is there, but the sailors don't care
 While the Cat Boat is up in the sky.

How oft through the night has a graceful old kite,
 Flown on to a dawn rendezvous,
 Where riding the waves over submarine graves,
 Sails the convoy, just specks on the blue.

Chorus. High up in the sky etc.

Oh, the hours are long, but endurance is strong,
 Watchful eyes falter not through the flight,
 And the wolves of the deep, like the skunks they are, creep,
 Away from their prey till the night.

Chorus. High up in the sky etc.

Then the tired old plane heads for home once again
 The crew are so weary and worn,
 But another old ship chuffs along on the trip,
 And the convoy will see her at dawn.

Chorus. High up in the sky etc.

.....0000000.....

A LONG STRONG BLACK PUDDING.

Gregorian Chant

A stands for A.

A!

L stands for Long,

A Long!

S stands for STRONG

Long strong.

A Long Strong.

B stands for BLACK

Strong Black

Long Strong Black

A Long Strong Black

P stands for PUDDING.

Black Pudding

Strong Black Pudding

Long Strong Black Pudding

A Long Strong Black Pudding.

U stands for UP etc

M stands for MY etc

S stands for SISTER'S etc

C stands for CAT'S etc

A stands for ARSEHOLE etc

T stands for TWICE etc

N stands for NIGHTLY etc

S stands for SIDEWAYS etc

AMEN!

oooooooooooooooo

As I was going to Deonegal fair,
I met a lass of beauty rare,
And she asked me to, she asked me to, what could I do-o,
But play around with, her ring-a-ding-a-doo.

Chorus. Her ring-a-ding-a-doo, her ring-a-ding-a-doo
Oh what is that? Oh what is that?
So soft and furry,
Just like a cat, Just like a cat.
It's oval in shape, in shape, in shape,
And split in two-oo,
That thing she calls,
Her ring-a-ding-a-doo.

Now nine days passed and I felt sore,
And so I swore that I would never more,
Assault that thing, assault that thing, you know it too-oo,
The thing she calls, her ring-a-ding-a-doo.

Chorus: Her ring-a-ding-a-doo etc

She went to New York, and on her door,
She pinned a notice "I AM A WHORE",
Come all you young men, you old buggars too-oo,
I'll let you play with, my ring-a-ding-a-doo.

Chorus. Her ring-a-ding-a-doo etc

Up came a copper to her front door,
"Have you a licence to be a whore?"
"No, I haven't got a licence, but I'll tell you what I'll do-oo
I'll let you play with, my ring-a-ding-a-doo.

Chorus: Her ring-a-ding-a-doo etc

"Oh, Father De-ar, Oh don't be wild,"
"Just as I thought, you are with child,"
"You've ruined me, you've ruined me, and my family too-oo
"To Hell with you, and your ring-a-ding-a-doo."

Chorus: Her ring-a-ding-a-doo etc.

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Beside a Papuan Waterfall

Tune: The Bells of Hell.

Beside a Papuan waterfall, one bright September day,
Beside his shattered Kittyhawk, a young P.O. he lay.
And as he hung on a coconut tree, not yet completely dead,
Oh listen to the very last words the young P.O. he said.
"I'm going to a better land, where everything is bright,
Where whisky grows on coconut trees, and they play poker every
There is no work to do all day, just sit around and sing, (night)
"Il-y-a beaucoup, and women too, Oh Death, where is thy sting?"

Oh Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
Oh grave, thy victory.
The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For you but not for me.
I asked her would she marry marry me, but all that she would say
Was "ting-a-ling-a-ling, Oh ting-a-ling-a-ling, Oh ting-a-ling-a-ling
ling all day".

As I stood by O'Reilly's fire,
Sipping away at rum and water,
Suddenly a thought came into my mind,
I'd like to ride O'Reilly's daughter.

Chorus. Diddy-I-Ay, Diddy-I-Ay,
Diddy-I-Ay for the one eyed Reilly,
Dom, Dom, Dom, Balls and all,
Zig-a-zig-a-zig, tres bon!

I lay the damsel on the bed,
Threw my left leg gently over,
Never a word did the damsel say,
But she laughed like hell till the fuck was over.

Chorus. Diddy-I-Ay etc

I heard two footsteps on the stairs,
Who should it be but her bloody old father,
With a pistol in each hand,
Looking for the man who was up his daughter.

Chorus. Diddy-I-Ay etc

I grabbed the bastard by his hair,
And rammed him into a pail of water,
Shoved those pistols up his arse,
A bloody side faster than I fucked his daughter.

Chorus. Diddy-I-Ay etc.

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BULLSHIT

Tune:- Nursey

Up in Cairns, flying Cats, are a cheer bunch of chaps,
They are tough, they are rough, and they terrify the Japs.
They don't care, when or where, they are sent to bash the foe.
From the C.O. to the airmen, they warble as they go.

Chorus:- Bullshit, it doesn't mean a thing to us,
Bullshit, who cares if Airboard makes a fuss.
We have fun, but do a job as well,
We won't fail them now, so what the Hell!
So out out
Bullshit, it doesn't mean a thing to us,
So Airboard, Nuts to you!
And up you, N.E.A., we'll go our own sweet way,
We'll bash the foe, and run our show,
The way we always do.

Came the day, N.E.A. said "You'll have to mend your ways,
You must look, in the book, do everything it says."
Wear your hats, and your gats, as laid down in the book,
But the Cat boys only laughed and said "
"We've never heard of those!"

Chorus: Bullshit, it doesn't mean a thing etc.

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ALL THE NICE GIRLS

Tune; All the Nice Girls like a Soldier.

All the nice girls like a candle,
All the nice girls like a wick,
For there's something about a candle,
That you don't get with a prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
It's the surest way to joy,
It's been up the Queen of Spain,
And it's going up again,
Syph Ahoy, Syph Ahoy.

All the nice boys like a harlot,
All the nice boys like a whore,
For there's something about a harlot,
That you've never known before,
She'll be willing, for a shilling,
And she'll pap you up, my boy,
But she'll leave you on the rocks,
With a bloody good dose of pax,
Syph Ahoy, Syph Ahoy.

All the parsons like a choir boy,
All the parsons like a bum,
For there's something about a choir boy,
That would make an angel come,
Roll him over, sleep in a lever,
It's the curate's only joy;
And you needn't give a rap, for you'll never catch the clap,
From a boy, From a boy.

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The Fascinating Bitch.

Tune; The Glow Worm.

I wish I were a fascinating bitch,
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich,
I'd live in a house with a little red light,
I'd sleep all day and work all night.
I'd take a vacation once in a while,
Just to make my clients wild,
I wish I were a fascinating bitch,
Instead of a pure, little child

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SALOMIE

Down our street we had a little party,
Everybody there was, Oh so gay and hearty,
Talk about a treat! We scuffled all the meat,
And drank all the beer in the boozier down the street.

Old Uncle Jim was fair fucked up,
So we put him in the collar with the old bull pup,
Little Sonny Jim was longing to get in,
With his arsehole winking at the moon.

Oh!
Salome, Salome, she's my girl Salome,
Statnding there with her arsehole bare,
Waiting for some-one to slide in there.
And Slide in, and glide in,
Fair up her fucking chute,
Two brass balls and an arsehole bare,
And a foreskin full of fruit.

She's a great big bitch, she's just twice the size of my,
She's got hairs upon her belly like the branches of a tree,
She can run, jump, fight, fuck, wheel a barrow, push a truck,
That's my girl Salome.

On Monday night she takes it up the back,
Tuesday night she hauls in the slack,
On wednesday night she has a spell,
On Thursday night she fucks like Hell,
On Friday night she takes it up the nose,
In between her fingers, and down between her toes,
On Saturday night she fucks for pay,
And she goes to Church on Sunday.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam,
And a bloody fine sunbeam I'll be.

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FUCK AIR BOARD.

Tune: TIT WILLOW

An airman lay dying on Papuan soil,
Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board!
And with his last gasp he gave out the good oil.
Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board!
And the reason they gave for his being dead meat,
Was that he had had fuck all but baked beans to eat,
So join in this chorus, with fervour and heat,
Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board! Fuck Air Board!

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The Four Wives.

First there came the airman's wife,
And she was dressed in beige,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a Handley Paige.
She had a Handley Paige; my boys,
The engines all a-throb,
And in the other corner was an airman on the job.

CHORUS. She had those dark and dreamy eyes,
With a whiz-bang up her Jacksio,
Singing "Whoa back, Gee back, come and get your
money back,
Come and have a bang at Mary;
Singing Old airman never die,
They yank themselves away.

Next there came the Captain's wife,
And she was dressed in blue,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the life boat crew,
She had the life boat crew, my boys,
The rowlocks and the oars,
And in the other corner, the marines were forming fours.

CHORUS She had those dark and dreamy eyes etc.

Next there came the cricketer's wife,
And she was dressed in vermilion,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the Lord's pavilion.
She had the Lord's pavilion, boys,
The scorer and his book,
And in the other corner, the remains of last night's fuck.

CHORUS. She had those dark and dreamy eyes etc.

Last there came the brewer's wife, and she was dressed in gray,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the brewers dray.
She had the brewer's dray, my boys,
The horses and the beer,
And in the other corner she had syph. and gonorrocha.

CHORUS. She had those dark and dreamy eyes etc,

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PLEASE DO NOT TREAD ON MY BALLS.

Tune: Say, Won't you come to the
Ball.

Please do not tread on my balls,
Please do not tread on my balls,
It isn't my fault that they hang so low,
They should have been cut off years ago.
They are what everyone calls,
Truly phenomenal balls,
So please do not tread on my balls;
On my balls, balls, Balls, Balls, Balls, Balls!

Don't muck about, Don't fuck about,
Don't muck about, Don't fuck about

Please do not tread etc.

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IN A BROTHEL IN LONDON.

[Tune. Dinkie Die

In a brothel in London a harlot did dwell,
The dirty old bastard, I knew her quite well,
And in the back room where the deeds came to pass,
She opened the window, and shoved out her arse,
Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die,
She opened the window and shoved out her arse.

A poor old night watchman was just passing by,
That poor old night watchman was eating a pie,
The poor old night watchman looked up in the sky,
And a steaming hot turd hit him fair in the eye,
Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die,
A steaming hot turd hit him fair in the eye.

That poor old night watchman was blinded for life,
With twenty four kids and a prostitute wife,
And on the street corner you'll now see him sit,
Saying "Please spare a coin, Sir, I've been blinded by shit!"
Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die,
Saying "Please spare a coin, Sir, I've been blinded by shit!"

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SWEET FANNY ADAMS.

Sweet Fanny Adams, Always so blithe and gay,
Carved her name on an old oak tree, One day in May,
But the woodpecker came in September,
And the woodpecker would peck away,
Now all that is left on the old oak tree,
Is SWEET F.A.

.....0000000000.....

SAMMY HALL

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My name is Sammy Hall; Sammy Hall; Sammy Hall,
My name is Sammy Hall; Sammy Hall; Sammy Hall,
My name is Sammy Hall, and I've only got one ball,
But it's better than fuck all,
Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, bugger them all, big and small
Fucking shit, Damn and blast, Piddle and piss.

They say I killed a man, killed a man, killed a man, (Twice)
I hit him on the head, with a bloody lump of lead,
And now the bastard's dead,
Damn your eyes, blast your soul etc

They put me in a cell; in a cell, in a cell, (Twice)
They put me in a cell, Fucking awful place to dwell,
But there's bastards here as well,
Damn your eyes, blast your soul etc:

They say I'm going to swing, going to swing, going to swing (Twice)
They say I'm going to swing on a bloody lump of string,
What a fucking awful thing!
Damn your eyes, blast your soul etc

The parson he will come; he will come, he will come (twice)
The parson he will come, and he'll preach of Kingdom come,
He can shove it up his ~~butt~~ bum!
Damn your eyes, blast your soul etc

The sherrif will come too; will come too, will come too (Twice)
The sherrif will come too, with his bloody awful crew,
They've got fuck all else to do!
Damn your eyes, blast your soul etc

To heaven I will go; I will go, I will go, (Twice)
To heaven I will go, and I'll piss on those below,
I thought I'd let you know,
Damn your eyes, Blast your soul etc.

And now I am in Hell; am in Hell, am in Hell (twice)
And now I am in Hell, fucking awful place to dwell,
But there's bastards here as well!
Damn your eyes, blasz your soul, bugger them all, Big and small,
Fucking shit, Damn and blasz, Piddle and Piss!

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SAY SAILOR JOE!

Tune: Sailor's Hornpipe.

Say Sailor Joe, do your balls hang low,
Do you tie 'em in a knot, Do you tie 'em in a bow.
Said the Captain of a whaler as he whopped it up a sailor,
And he played his ukelele as the ship went down.

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With conversions and courses to kill us they've tried,
By some bloody mischance they've all just survived,
On Beau-bloody-bombers we've all qualified,
So We're off to the war in the D.A.P.'s pride.
Dinkie Die, Dinkie Die,
We're off to the War in the D.A.P.'s pride.

In this wallowing pig we are off to the war,
Minus torpedoes and titbits galore,
And the Jesus Box Company closed down it's store,
Even Air Board admits they don't know what we're for,
Dinkie Die etc

As fighters they say we are too bloody slow,
The target for bombing is too far to go,
As transports there's no place the darn stuff to stow,
Our purpose they say they don't bloody well know.
Dinkie Die etc.

Then along came a bloke, a bea ut Air Board Madonna,
He must have been riddled with sypho or gonna,
For he thought up a use for the Beau-bloody-bomber,
We're erecting a huge pile of shit in his honour.
Dinkie Die etc.

Now westooge round in circles in submarine sweeps,
There are more bloody convoys than Yanks have got jeeps,
The sight of a ship only gives us the creeps,
If we only had "George" we could all have some sleeps.
Dinkie Die etc

The first bloody hour we spend searching the sea,
The convoy ain't where it should bloody well be,
It's miles from the spot on the daily G.G.
So we'll find it by D.R. or faith in J.C.
Dinkie Die etc.

The next hour is easy, once the convoy is found,
Our minutes with all sorts of pleasures abound,
We look for Jap subs that we know aren't around,
And we do all the tricks on which Air Board has frowned,
Dinkie Die etc.

The third hour it finds us beginning to freeze,
As with fodder our hunger we try to appease,
On an unvaried diet of biscuits and cheese,
And jam with more seeds than a dog has got fleas,
Dinkie Die etc

The fourth hour's the one when we want to relax,
With all sorts of horrible pains in our jacks,*
We don't give a hoot for positions and tracks,
When we think that for this we pay damned income tax.
Dinkie Die etc.

(Continued overleaf)

* jacks, jacksie = aye.

The fifth hour it sees us a really grim sight,
The pilot has "Had it", the wag flies the kite,
The poor flying arsehole keeps watching the height,
And the rear gunner sleeps, dreaming dreams of delight.
Dinkie Die etc.

The last hour's the best, as for home we set course,
We've seen quite enough of the bloody H force,
We're tired as a dog, we could eat a dead horse,
We've heard nothing all day but engines and morse.
Dinkie Die etc.

And then when we've landed to ops room we file,
We tell them nil sightings the vis. is one mile,
We answer all questions with slap-happy guile,
Then off to the mess to get drunk in grand style.
Dinkie Die etc.

The beaut Boston pilots they treat us with scorn,
The Beaufighters say that we give them the horn,
And that is the reason we look all forlorn,
So back to our convoys and take-offs at dawn.
Dinkie Die etc.

And after the war there will be a parade,
The Navy, the Air Force, and Army Brigade,
And right at the rear, well back in the shade,
Are the crews of the Beauforts the D.A.P. made.
Dinkie Die etc.

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Farewell Song

75 Squadron.

Tune: Thanks for the memory.

Thanks for the memory,
Of every bosker night, the feeling was just right,
We drank our beer in harmony, and leisurely got tight,
Oh thank you so much!
Thanks for the memory,
Les Jackson in the chair, good fellowship was there,
We ground-strafed Mr Trouble, dropped two-fifties on old Care.
How lovely it was!
Remember the songs that you taught us,
And poor Angeline's rude adventure,
In your company we've a debenture
And we want more of "Ah Hates War!"
Thanks for the memory,
Of many happy days, we liked each other's ways,
We drank the bottled sunshine and reflected all the rays,
Oh thank you so much!

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Tune: A life on the Ocean Wave.

As boys we went to school, where the teacher taught us tricks,
Before she taught us our A.B.C., she taught us to play with our

Pretty young maidens they were, they lay ^{down} ~~up~~ their backs,
They's take it in their hands, and lead it right up their

Auntie Mary had two rabbits, and one of them was a buck,
She put them in a cage together, and taught them how to

Fry the fish for tea, with a touch of sanity,
It helps you answer nature's call, and makes you want to

Peter went out in a boat, and the boat began to rock,
One of the crew fell overboard, and a shark swam away with his

Cock-a-doodle-doo, what's it to do with you,
Leave it alone, and play with your own, and paddle your own
canoe.

I took my girl out fishing in a thing they called a punt,
The line got tangled round her legs, and the hook went up her

Country girls are nice, they teach you how to dance,
They cock their legs around your neck, and show their dirty

Ask Old Brown to tea; with all his family,
and if he won't come, we'll tickle his bum with a stick of
holly tree.

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OLD MOTHER MURPHY.

Old Mother Murphy, Queen of the fairies,
She's as clever as I don't know what.
She can balance two pennies on the ends of her dairies,
Do a double somersault, and catch them in her twot.
Catch them in her twot, catch them in her twot,
Do a double somersault and catch them in her twot.

Mary in the garden sifting cinders;
Cocks her leg and farts like a man,
And when she farts she breaks all the windows,
And the cheeks of her arse go Bang, Bang, Bang!
Bang, Bang, Bang! Bang, Bang, Bang!
And the cheeks of her arse go Bang, Bang, Bang!

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THE OLD MAID SAT BY THE FIRE.

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Page 32.

The old maid sat by the fire,
The Tom cat sat beside her,
The old maid sat by the old tom cat,
And she lifted up her dress a little higher.
She lifted up her dress a little higher;
She lifted up her dress a little higher,
The old maid sat by the old tom cat,
And she lifted up her dress a little higher.

The cat for a rat did take it;
The cat for a rat did take it,
He made one spring at the old maid's thing,
And by Christ, did he shake it;
And by Christ did he shake it;
And by Christ did he shake it,
He made one spring at the old maid's thing,
And by Christ did he shake it.

She screamed; she spat, she farted,
She screamed, she spat, she farted,
She made such a din that the neighbours rushed in,
And the cat and the cunt were parted.
The cat and the cunt were parted;
The cat and the cunt were parted,
She made such a din that the neighbours rushed in,
And the cat and the cunt were parted.

They sent for the learned physician,
To tell of the woman's condition.
He said with a grunt, as he gazed at her cunt,
"She's busted the fucking partition."
She's busted the fucking partition;
She's busted the fucking partition,
He said with a grunt, as he gazed at her cunt,
"She's busted the fucking partition."

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FATHER'S SITTING ON THE CISTERN.

Tune: John Brown's Body.

Father's sitting on the cistern,
Mother's playing with the chain:
W/T when she accidentally pulled it,
Father went a gutser down the drain.

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I took my girl out fishing, in a thing they call a punt,
The line got tangled round her legs, and the hook went up her
Whoa Back, Gee Back, Come and get your money back, [cunt]
You know what I mean,
The birds fly high, the birds fly low,
The birds fly in between.

I took my girl to the races, I sat her in a box,
And all the soldiers passing said "I bet she's got the " [pox]
Whoa back, Gee back etc.

I took my girl to the pictures, we sat down in the stalls,
She must have got excited, cos she grabbed me by the [balls]
Whoa Back, Gee back etc.

I took my girl to the theatre, we sat down in the pit,
Before the show was half way through, I'd grabbed her by the [tit]
Whoa back, Gee back etc.

I took my girl to a restaurant, On the menu there was duck,
She said she'd rather go upstairs, and have a stand-up [fuck]
Whoa back, Gee back etc.

I took my girl out parking, I laid her on some bags,
But when I started fooling round, I found she had the [rags].
Whoa back, Gee Back, Come and get your money back etc.

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SHE'S UP THE FLUE.

Tune: Johnnie's in Town.

I took young Sally, way down in our alley,
I naughtied her twice, by Christ it was nice,
But I found it was folly, what I thought was jolly,
For now I must make her my wife,
And everybody cried "Shame!
He is the one who's to blame, Oh Jesus!

She's up the flue, She's up the flue,
Oh, Jesus Christ Almighty, what shall I do?
I've tried pills and everything,
And now poor me, I must bear the consequences,
Here comes her Dad,
Won't he be mad,
I never know he was so bad,
But if there's a miscarriage, there won't be no marriage,
To the girl I put up the flue.

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Thos. Roisz Band

Doesn't it hum! Ti-t-t as a Drum!
Queen of all the Fairies!

Ain't it a pity she's only one titty,
To feed the baby on.
Poor little buggar, he'll never play rugger,
He isn't sufficiently strong.
When he gets older, and bigger and bolder,
He'll take himself in hand,
The reason why, the reason why,
He'll never understand.
They tried him at the Admiralty,
They tried him out on land and sea,
They tried him and tried him without success,
They extracted him out of mess after mess,
And then they made him a member of Air Board.

That is the truth, God bloody struth,
And in addition.

Weak and untutored he'll always be rooted, *
He'll never take a trick,
At the Vic Barracks he'll always drink Tarax,
'Cos beer just makes him sick.
Attending each meeting of Air Board and bleating
The things he's told to say,
But just the same you'll see his name,
As C.A.S. one day.
For he's the type that gets along,
He doesn't know a thing so can't go wrong,
So when there isn't a plane to fly,
No Kitty hawk or a P.B.Y.
Remember they made him a member of Air Board.

rooted = 'fucked'

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FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

NOT
FOLK

Thos: Here we go gather-
ing, nuts in May

A broker from the wool exchange, came home one morn at five
And found his wife was chock-a-block,
At five o'clock in the morning.
Then began a hell of a race, round and round at a hell of a pace,
With one man's arse in the other man's face,
At five o'clock in the morning.
He pulled out his knife so shiny and slick,
And swore he would cut off the other man's prick,
And this he did with a hell of a click
At five o'clock in the morning.
They rang up the ambulance mighty slick,
They said they' be round in half a tick,-
But where was the cat that swallowed the prick?
At five o'clock in the morning.
The moral of all this trouble and strife,
Is never to slug another man's wife,
Because if you do you'll be buggered for life,
At five o'clock in the morning.

Not
Folk

TIT - BITS.

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Tune: Abdul, the Bul-Bul Ameer.

The people who count, they all went to Rue Mount,
To a party where no-one was bored,
And a sailor who came, wished to imprint his name,
In the book that is kept by the Lord.

A bit of a chit said she'd dangle her tit,
In a bucket of frothy champagne,
And Little Boy Blue could have the first chew,
'Twas really a very nice game.

Then having been dipped, the nipple was sipped,
With gusto and later with vin,
But this boy from the sea, no sucker was he,
The grog made a beast out of him.

A perishing howl that came from her bowel,
Rolled forth from the maiden so sweet,
As this hobble-de-hoy, this frolicsome boy,
In her bobber sank thirty-two teeth.

And now as she sits with her odd set of tits,
Bemoaning her loss and her fate,
She wishes no doubt, with a fervour devout,
That he'd licked, not her tit, but her date.

Austral = anus

On the deck of a cruiser, far far to the north,
A sailor lad drools at the mouth,
When he thinks of the night when he took a great bite,
From the breast of a lady down South.

.....00000000.....

SONG FROM "LONDON DIARY"
" IL DUCE GAVE THE ORDER"

Tune. John Brown's Body.

Il duce gave the order to march against the foe,
And off to Ethiopia the organ-grinders go,
But now they're back again, unfit for any sort of grind,
For they're back from Ethiopia with their organs left behind.

The hosts of Ethiopia return to hearth and home,
With knick-knacks for the mantelpiece, imported straight from Rome.
The Pope is inundated now with pleas to join the choir,
From men whose normal voices are now an octave higher.

Il Duce mounts the rostrum on the regiment's return,
With an unknown eunuch's ashes in a noble Roman urn,
"For some great gift of gratitude this great occasion calls,
What shall we give our heroes? And the heroes answered, "Balls!"

.....000000000.....

~~WERRIBEE~~ MADGE
(Down at Point Cook.)

[Charlotte the
Harlot]

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Down at Point Cook where the bullshit lies thick,
Down at Point Cook where the babies come quick,
It was there that I met her, the girl I adore,
She's Worribee Madge, she's the Air Force's whore.

She's lousy, she poxy, she lives on the street,
Whenever you meet her she's always on heat,
She'll fuck for a deena, take less, or take more,
She's Worribee Madge, she's the Air Force's whore.

She came down to Point Cook to see all the boys,
To see if she couldn't attend to their joys.-
The C.O. was staggered, the officers bucked,
And Worribee Madge she got properly fucked.

.....0000000000.....

Sweet Violets.

My brother went into the woodshed,
Some wood he wanted to split,
But when he grabbed hold of the handle,
He found it was covered with
Sweet Violets, sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over with snow.

My brother he worked in a sewer,
Some lamps they had to be lit,
One evening there was an explosion,
And my brother was covered with
Sweet Violets, sweeter than all the roses etc.

Now baby was eating an apple,
They thought he had swallowed the pip,
But when they examined his nappy,
They found it was covered in
Sweet Violets, Sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over with snow.

.....0000000000.....

ALL THE LITTLE ANGELS

Time: Poor Alice is a-weeping.

All the little angels ascend up, ascend up,
All the little angels ascend up on high.

Ascend up, Ascend up,
Which end up; ARSE END UP!
All the little angels ascend up on high.

.....0000000000.....

THE BELLS OF O'LEARY.

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Tune: The Bells of St Mary's

The balls of O'Leary,
Are wrinkled and weary,
They're pimply and hairy,
Like the dome of St. Paul's.
But the people all muster,
To gaze at the cluster,
They gaze and stare at the marvellous pair,
Of O'Leary's balls.

.....000000000000.....

HOME PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

Tune: Through the night of doubt
doubt and sorrow.

Home presents a dismal picture,
Dark and gloomy as the tomb,
Father has an anal stricture,
Mother's got a fallen womb.

Brother James has been deported,
For a homosexual crime,
Jane our maid has just aborted,
For the thirty second time.

Sis has chronic menstruation,
Never laughs and never smiles,
Mine's a bloody occupation,
Cracking ice for father's piles.

Aunty Kate has diarrhoea,
Shits ten times more than she ought,
Stands all day beside the rear,
Lest she should be taken short.

But we must not be downhearted,
We must not be put about,
Cousin Susie has just farted,
Turned her asshole inside out.

.....000000000000.....

PLEASE DON'T BURN OUR WHITHOUSE DOWN

Oh, please don't burn our whithouse down,
Mother has promised to pay,
Father's away on the ocean wide,
And Kate's in the family way.

The boy, poor dear, has gonorrhoea,
And times is fucking hard,
So if you burn our whithouse down,
We'll have to shit in the yard.

.....000000000000.....

When I was just a very young chap,
Nursie would take me upon her lap,
She was a very saucy young thing,
She'd lift up my nighty and play with my thing,
Singing "Peck-a-bo, Peck-a-bo,"
How she would waggie it to and fro,
That was a very long time ago,
I wish she'd come back now and play Peck-a-bo.

.....oooooooo.....

FATHER'S GRAVE

They're digging up Father's grave to build a sewer,
They're doing the job regardless of exponse.
They're shifting his remains, to make way for some drains,
To titivate some toff's new residence.

Now Father in his day was not a quitter,
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now,
So when that job's complete, he'll haunt that shithouse seat,
And only them'll shit as he'll allow.

Now Blimey! won't there be some constipation,
And won't those shit-bound toffs all bloody well rave,
But they'll get what they deserve, what has the bleeding nerve,
To fuck about a British workman's grave.

.....oooooooo.....

THE RAM OF DERBYSHIRE Tune; The Derby Ram

There was a ram of Derbyshire, who had a curious trick,
Of jumping over barbed wire gates, and he always bumped his leg.

CHORUS. And if you don't believe me,
And think I'm tolling a lie,
Just ask the girls of Derbyshire,
And they'll tell you the same as I.

This ram it had two horns, Sir, and they were made of brass,
One grew out of his forehead, and one grew out of his ear.

CHORUS And if you don't believe me etc

And when that ram was young, Sir, they kept him in a truck,
And all the girls of Derbyshire came out to see him eat.

CHORUS. And if you don't believe me etc.

And when that ram was dead, Sir, they buried him in St. Paul's,
It took two men and a barrow, Sir, to carry one of his legs.

CHORUS. And if you don't believe me etc.

.....oooooooo.....

A DITTY OF A TITTY

Tune. Dinkie Dio.

When sailors are babies, how sweetly they sit,
They suckle their milk from their dear Mother's tit,
And when they grow up they all sing this refrain,
"We still love the titty if dipped in champagne"
Dinkie Dio, Dinkie Dio,
We still love the titty if dipped in champagne.

One night at a party a girl full of booze,
Said "Drink from my titty, I've nothing to lose."
And as he was sipping her titty so sweet,
The bastard got hungry and started to eat.
Dinkie Dio, Dinkie Dio etc.

He bit off her nipple, she started to bawl,
He spat it straight out and it stuck to the wall,
The last that I heard it was still sticking there,
Which proves the old saying that 'Sailors don't care'
Dinkie Dio, Dinkie Dio etc.

They sent for the cops, he was landed in jail,
He got out next morning on very light bail.
The case was heard later before the police.
And the P.M. said "Sailor, you must keep the piece!"
Dinkie Dio, Dinkie Dio etc.

f. p. 35

.....000000000000.....

AIR BOARD LOVES US

(76 Squadron Collection)
Tune: Jesus Loves me.

Air Board loves us, this we know,
For the Grouper tells us so,
We are weak and they are strong,
All P.O's to them belong.
Yes, Air Board loves us,
Yes, Air Board loves us,
Yes, Air Board loves us,
They do, Like Fucking Hell.

.....000000000000.....

LOU LOU

(76 Squadron Collection)

Bang it into Lou Lou, Bang it good and strong,
What'll we do for a Bang! Bang! Bang! When Lou Lou's dead and gone.
Some girls work in factories, some girls work in stores,
But Lou Lou works in a knocking shop with fourteen other whores.
Lou Lou had a baby, Lou Lou got a shock,
She couldn't call it Lou Lou, 'cos the bastard had a cock.

.....000000000000.....

TABOO TABIETune:-
Mademoiselle from Armentieres.

A British officer crossed the Rhine, Taboo Tabie (Twice)
 A British officer crossed the Rhine, to try the women and drink the
 Taboo, Tabie, Taboliky Ai, Taboo, Tabie. /wine

Oh farmer, have you a daughter fair, Taboo Tabie, (Twice)
 Oh farmer, have you a daughter fair with lily white tits and golden
 Taboo Tabie, Taboliky Ai, Taboo, Tabie. /Hair

Oh No, my son, she's far too young, Taboo, Tabie (Twice)
 Oh No, my son, she's far too young to be fucked by any son of a
 Taboo Tabie etc. /gun,

Oh, Father dear, I'm not too young (Taboo, Tabie, (Twice)
 Oh, Father dear, I'm not too young, I've done it before and I think
 Taboo Tabie etc. /it's fun,

So up the stairs together they went, Taboo Tabie (Twice)
 So up the stairs together they went, and they rollicked away to their
 Taboo, Tabie etc. /heart's content,

They rollicked all night and they rollicked all day, Taboo Tabie,
 They rollicked all night and they rollicked all day, and the officer
 Taboo Tabie, etc. /rollicked his bollocks away.

The first three months and all was well, Taboo Tabie (Twice)
 The first three months, and all was well, yes, all was well with
 Taboo Tabie etc. /Mademoiselle,

The second three months she began to swell, Taboo Tabie (Twice)
 The second three months she began to swell, and all was hell with
 Taboo Tabie etc. /Mademoiselle,

The third three months she gave a grunt, Taboo, Tabie (Twice)
 The third three months she gave a grunt, and a little black nigger
 Taboo Tabie etc. /hopped out of her cunt,

The little black bugger, he grow and he grew, Taboo Tabie (Twice)
 The little black bugger he grow and he grew, and he shagged his ~~xxxx~~
 Taboo Tabie etc. /Mother and sisters too,

And now he's dead and in his box, Taboo Tabie (Twice)
 And now he's dead and in his box, he died of a load of
 Taboo, Tabie, Taboliky Ai, Taboo Tabie. /pox,

GENERAL SALUTE

Tune: R.A.A.F. General Salute

Spring to attention boys!
 Here comes the Air Vice Marshal,
 He has lots of rings,
 But he's only got one arsehole.

THE BLUE BLACK CHILD (Stephen's Song) Page 41

Tune. Early in the morning

A maiden sat in a mountain glen,
Seducing herself with a fountain pen,
The capsule broke, and the ink flowed wild,
And she was delivered of a blue black child,

Chorus. And they called the bastard Stephen,
They called the bastard Stephen,
They called the bastard Stephen,
'Cos he was a blue black child.

The maiden cried, "Why, what a slip,
"My fountain pen I'll never dip!"
For telling why, and how, and when,
Use Stephen's Ink in a Stephen's pen,
Chorus. And the called the bastard Stephen etc.

.....00000.....

The Hairs on Her Dicky-Die-Do

If she was my daughter, I'd have them cut shorter,
The hairs on her dicky-die-do hang down to her knees.

Chorus. I know, 'Cos I've seen them,
I've been right up between them,
The hairs on her dicky-di-do,
Hang down to her knees.

She lives on a mountain, and pees like a bloody fountain,
And the hairs on her dicky-die-do etc

One black one, one white one, one with a little bit of white
And the hairs on her dicky-die-do etc on,

She lives on a cattle ranch, and shits like a bloody aval-
The hairs on her dicky-die-do etc. anche,

.....000000000.....

✓ Oh, Mrs Riley.

Oh, Mrs. Riley, I want you for me wife,
I haven't had a bang, bang, bang in all me bloody life!—
"Get out, you lying bastard, how dare you tell me so,
"You only had a bang, bang, bang, just half an hour ago,
Chorus. Half an hour ago, half an hour ago,
You only had a Bang, bang, bang,
Just half an hour ago.

.....000000000.....

AN AIRMAN TOLD ME

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Tune. Old 100th Psalm.

An airman told me before he died,
I don't know whether the bastard lied,
No matter how hard he tried,
His wife was never satisfied.

So he fashioned a tool of ten inch steel,
Driven by a crank and a bloody great wheel,
Two brass balls he filled with cream,
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steel.

Round and round went that bloody great wheel,
In and out went that tool of steel,
Till his wife with rapture cried,
"At last, at last, I'm satisfied!"

But, alack, alas, the biter bit,
There was no way of stopping it,
Her cunt into her rectum split,
Which proves that brevity's the soul of wit!

.....0000000.....

Down the Dark Alley where she followed Me.

The first time I met her, she was all dressed in white,
All in white, All in white, I said "I'm free tonight!"
Down the dark alley where she followed me,
Followed me! Followed me!
There were ham rolls, and jam rolls, and rissoles and wheels
Down the dark alley where she followed me.

Blue. She said, "I'll come with you etc
Red. I laid her on her bed etc
Black. I rolled her on her back.
Brown. I slipped her panties down.
Pink. God! How that lass did stink!
Green. I pushed it in between
Yellow. She gave a fearful bellow
Heliotrope. I greased it with some soap
Rose. God, she was on the nose!
Buff. I'd put her up the duff.
Slate. We saw the magistrate.
Gray. Ten bob a week I pay.
Beige. She went back on the stage.
Mauve. Shagged by some other cove.

.....0000000.....

....., stand for your glasses, steady

Oh this is the song of the gremlins,
As told by the P.R.U.
Believed by few, not many,
But nevertheless it is true.

When you're seven miles up in the Heavens,
It's a hell of a lonely spot,
And it's fifteen degrees below zero,
Which isn't so bloody hot.

Oh, it's then that you see the Gremlins,
Green, Gamboge, and Gold,
Male, female, and neuter,
Gremlins both young and old.

Oh, it's then that you see the Gremlins,
And the lessons you learnt on the Link,
Won't help you evade these Gremlins,
Though you boost, and you dive, and you jink.

Oh, the white ones will waggle your wing-tips,
Male ones will muddle your maps,
Green ones will guzzle your Glycol,
And females will flutter your flaps.

Pink ones will perch on your perspec,
They'll dance pirouettes on your prop,
And the spherical, middle aged Gremlin,
Will spin on your stick like a top.

Oh, they'll bend, and they'll break, and they'll batter,
They'll bite through your aileron wires,
And just as you orbit to pancake,
Stick hot toasting forks in your tyres.

Yes, this is the song of the Gremlins,
As told by the P.R.U.
Believed by few, not many,
But nevertheless it is true.

.....0000000.....

COLD!

Cold as a frog in a half frozen pool,
Cold as the end of a Laplander's tool,
Cold as an Eskimo, gloomy and glum,
Cold as the hairs on a Polar Bear's bum.
Cold as the ice when it starts to thaw,
Cold as the love of an elderly whore,
Cold as Charity, - and that's pretty chilly,
But none so cold as my girl-friend Tilly!

.....00000.....

A Handsome Young Farmer.

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To Market, To Market, to buy a fat pig.

A handsome young farmer once lived by a school,
This handsome young man used to play with his
Marbles in the springtime with the lady next door,
You could tell by her actions that she was a

Very nice young lady, she'd lie on the grass,
And when she turned over, you could see all her
Fashions and fancies, - she could swim like a duck,
You could tell by her actions she knew how to

Bring up young children to sew and to knit,
While the boys in the cow-shed were shovelling
Shavings and sawdust that lay on the floor,
If you like my gay story I'll tell you some more.

She went to the market to buy a fat hog,
While the farmer by the road-side was having a
Look at some daisies that grew by a rock,
And when she approached him, he pulled out his

Wallet from his pocket, with a sly little grunt,
So she lay down beside him, and showed him her
Hand-bag and stockings, - she was too shy to speak,
And so they got married, and live by the creek.

.....000000.....

MARY WAS A SERVANT GIRL

Tune:- Bell Bottomed Trousers.

Mary was a servant girl, she lived in Drury Lane,
Her mistress loved her dearly, and her master did the same,
One night there came to supper, a sailor from the sea,
And this was the beginning of Mary's misery.

She took him up a candle to light his way to bed,
She took him in a night-cap to put upon his head,
Poor quiet little Mary, not thinking any harm,
Crept into bed beside him to keep his belly warm
And when the following morning, the sailor he awoke,
He pulled from out his pocket a nice five-dollar note.
"Take this, my darling Mary, for all the harm I've done,
For sooner or later you'll have a daughter or a son.

"If it is a daughter, bounce her on your knee,
"But if it's a boy, send the bastard out to see,
"With a pair of good bell-bottoms and a suit of navy blue
"Then he can climb the rigging like his old man climbed
up you.

"A warning, yes, a warning, a warning let this be,
"And never trust the Navy, an inch above your knee,
"For if you do, my darling, you surely will regret,
"For he'll sail away and leave you with a bastard for
a pet.

.....000000.....

Underneath the lantern, by the barracks gate,
Darling I remember that way you used to wait,
It was there that you whispered, tenderly,
That you loved me, you'd always be,
My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene.

Time would come for roll-call, time for us to part,
Darling I'd caress you and press you to my heart,
And there neath that far off lantern light,
I'd hold you tight, We'd kiss Goodnight,
My Lili of the lamplight, my own Lili Marlene,

Orders came for sailing somewhere over there,
All confined to Barracks was more than I could bear,
I knew you were waiting in the street,
I heard your feet, but could not meet,
My Lili of the lamplight, My Own Lili Marlene.

Resting in a billet, just behind the line,
Even tho' we're parted, your lips are close to mine,
You wait where that lantern softly gleams,
Your sweet face seems to haunt my dreams,
My Lili of the Lamplight, my own Lili Marlene.

.....0000000000.....
RED PLUSH BREETCHES
~~THE COLLECTOR'S COPY~~

John Thomas was a butler tall,
The pride of all the servant's hall,
For he wore red plush breeches,
For he wore red plush breeches,
What kept John Thomas Warm

Eliza was a maiden shy,
He eyed her with lascivious eye,
He leapt upon her with a cry,
He leapt upon her with a cry,
And rent those red plush breeches.

They found a chair to sit upon,
They found a bed to lie upon,
Eliza now sews buttons on,
Eliza now sews buttons on,
That pair of red plush breeches.

Eliza had an illegit,-
It's face was like a piece of shit,
She knows just who to blame for it,
And every time she looks at it,
She thinks of red plush breeches.

.....0000000000.....

A lady was a-dressing, a-dressing for a ball,
When she espied a tinker, pissing up against a wall,

Chorus With his bloody great kidney wiper,
His bloody great kidney weed,
And half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knees.

The lady wrote a letter, and in it she did say,
I'de rather have a tinker than my old man any day,

Chorus. With his bloody etc

The tinker got the letter, and when it he did read,
His balls began to fester and his prick began to bleed,
With his bloody etc

He mounted on his charger, he rode up to the Strand,
His balls across his shoulder, and his penis in his hand,
With his bloody etc.

He rode up to the mansion, he rode up to the Hall,
"My God!" exclaimed the butler, "He has come to fuck us all!"
With his bloody etc.

He fucked the cook in the kitchen, he fucked the maid in the
hall.
But when he fucked the butler was the dirtiest trick of all,
With his bloody etc.

And then he fucked the mistress, in ten minutes she was dead,
With half a yard of foreskin hanging round about her head,
With his bloody etc.

The tinker now is dead, Sir, they say he's gone to Hell,
I bet he fucks the Devil, and I bet he fucks him well,
With his bloody great kidney wiper

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Baby's Song

Tune:- Twinkle Twinkle.

When me prayers were early said,
Who tucked me in me iddle bed,
Who spanked me arse till it was red?
Me Mudder!

When me bum was nice and hot,
Who lifted me from cosy cot,
And set me on the ice cold pot?
Me Mudder!

And when morning light had come,
And in bed I'd dribbled some,
Who wiped my tiny iddle bum?
Me Mudder!

.....0000000000.....

My ambition's to go on the stage,
And now my ambition I've gotten,
In pantomime I'm all the rage
I'm the hole in the elephant's bottom.

Chorus Up 'em all! Up 'em all!
For the cream of society passes my way,
I'm the hole in the elephant's bottom.

Now the fellow who takes the front ~~mark~~ part,
His manners are perfectly rotten,
He simply does nothing but fart,
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

Chorus, Up 'em all etc.

The Manager says I'm all balls,
For every time that I spot 'em,
I wink at the girls in the stalls,
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

Chorus, Up 'em all etc.

My part hasn't got any words,
And so I have never forgot 'em, (And, if I have, I've forgot 'em)
I simply slip property turds,
Through the hole in the elephants bottom.

Chorus, Up 'em all, Up 'em all etc.

oooooooooooooooooooo

Poor Blind Nell

Tune:- ✓

The moon shone on the village green,
It shone on poor blind Nell,
And did it light up her blind eyes?
It did, -- Like bloody Hell!

A sailor came to that there town,
From right aboard the lugger,
And did he fuck our poor blind Nell?
He did, --- The rotten buggar!

He laid her on a public bench,
The act was most unlawful,
The things he did to poor blind Nell,
Were something fucking awful!

He shagged her till his prick was sore,
And balls as black as charcoal,
And did he marry poor blind Nell?
He did, ... Pig's Fucking Arschole!

oooooooooooooooooooo

HEIGH-HO SAYS ROWLEY.

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Traditional Tune.

A is for asshole, all covered in shit,
Heigh-Ho, says Rowley,
P is the bastard who revels in it,
with a Roley, polley, up 'em and stuff 'em,
Heigh-Ho, says Anthony Rowley.

C is for cunt, all slimy with piss,
D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss.

E is for eunuch with only one ball,
F is for friar with no balls at all.

G is for gonorrhoea, gout and for gleat,
H is the harlot who's always on heat.

I for injection for clap, pox, and itch.
J is the jerk of the son of a bitch.

K is the knight who went to the war,
L is the lousy old pox-ridden whore.

M is the maiden all tattered and torn,
N is the noble who died with a horn.

O is the orifice cunningly concealed.
P is the penis which stands ready peeled.

Q is the quaker who shat in his hat,
R is the Rajah who bugged his cat.

S is the shit-can all full to the brim,
T is the turd which is floating therein.

U is the usher who sat on a stool,
V is the virgin who played with his tool.

W is the whore who thought fucking a farce,
And X, Y, and Z you can shove up your arse.
With a roley-polley, up 'em and stuff 'em,
Heigh Ho, says Anthony Rowley.

...0000000000.....

THE V.A.I.

Tune:- Hardships

What has got a funnel blue, Sampson posts, at least there's two,
Karsik, you bastards, you don't know your V.A.I.
Superstructure is dull grey! What's the name you have to say
Karsik, you bastards, you don't know your V.A.I.
The BURWAH has a counter stern, or so it used to have,
The CANONBAR has changed a bit, it has an outside lav,
The JANNSEN is... What's that got to do with it?
A SWIMMING SUIT! God strike me dead!
Karsik, you bastards, you don't know your V.A.I.

.....000000.....

Tune: Bless 'em all

They say there's a Wirraway out on the line,
 Set for a cross country flight,
 Hydraulics leaking, and missing it's revs,
 Hoping to get there all right.

There's many a cylinder running a temp.
 Through having no oil in it's ~~wall~~, wall,
 With good navigation, and much concentration,
 You'll get there and back, - Bless 'em all!

Chorus. Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all,
 From Darwin right up to Rabaul,
 Bless the instructors who taught us to fly,
 Bless the C.O. and the old C.F.I.
 So we're saying goodbye to them all,
 Let the Wirras and Wagga recall,
 The scenes of emotion, when we get promotion,
 So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Oh, Wirraways don't worry me, Wirraways don't worry me,
 Oil blowing bastards with flaps in their wings,
 Buggared up sparkplugs, and buggared up rings,
 For we're saying goodbye to them all,
 As back to their hangars they crawl,
 There'll be only elation, and wild celebration,
 When we say goodbye to them all.

Chorus. Bless 'em all etc

They say that the Japs have some very nice kites,
 Now we're no longer in doubt,
 So if a Zero gets on to your tail,
 This is just how to make out, :-
 Be cheerful, be careful, be calm and sedate,
 And don't let your British blood boil,
 And don't hesitate, shove it right through the gate,
 And you'll blind the poor bastard with oil.

Chorus: - Bless 'em all etc.

Now officers don't worry me, Officers don't worry me,
 Tight fitting trousers with stripes down the side,
 Bloody great pockets with nothing inside,
 And we're saying goodbye to them all,
 As back to their dug-outs they crawl,
 You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
 So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Now M.P.'s they don't worry me, M.P.'s they don't worry me,
 As by the roadside they sit and they laze,
 You can tell by their hands they do no bloody work,
 And we're saying goodbye to them all,
 Their tickets, and armbands, and crawl,
 They'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
 So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Now D.I.'s they don't worry me, D.I.'s they don't worry me,
 On the parade ground they strut and they shout,
 Fucking crude ordersthey know fuck all about,
 So we're saying goodbye to them all,
 As up, the C.O.'s arse they crawl,
 They'll get no promotion this side of the ocean, So cheer up etc.

THE MORESBY SONG.

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Tune:- Dinkie Die.

Now listen to me, here's a tale we can tell,
Of a tropical cruise to the Moresby Hotel,
In the land of the boongs where there's nothing to do,
But the party was spoilt when the Japs came there too,
Came there too, Came there too.
But the party was spoilt when the Japs came there too.

It was "Beat up the bastards", or else we were sunk,
Cause the Japs have a mind like a second rate skunk,
It was goodbye to us if Port Moresby should fall,
It was goodbye to women, and drinking, and all,
'king and all, 'king and all,
It was goodbye to women, and drinking and all.

So we grabbed some P 40's and went to the fight,
But soon found the Japs had a nice little kite,
It's a bright shiny silver, and Zero by name,
But it makes a good show when it comes down a-flame.
Down a-flame, down a-flame,
But it makes a good show when it comes down a-flame.

Now the bombs dropped round us as we joined in the fray,
And we saw quite a lot of the Japs every day,
But he soon turned for home when he found what it means,
To annoy a poor bastard whose fed on baked beans,
Fed on beans, Fed on beans,
To annoy a poor bastard who's fed on baked beans.

Now the newspapers tell of our squadron's success,
And Nippon has now many aeroplanes less,
But the papers don't say how the hell it was done,
Without our replacements at seven to one,
Sev'n to one, Sev'n to one,
Without our replacements at seven to one.

And then we went home for a beer and a rest,
And we stood in the pubs where the drink was the best,
But now we're back North, just to pay off some debt,
And to make bloody sure that the Rising Sun sets.
That it sets, That it sets,
Yes! to make bloody sure that the Rising Sun sets.

.....000000.....

V THE NURSEMAID'S LAMENT

Tune: Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

Arsehole! Shit! Fuck! Piddle! Buggar! Damn!
Some bastard's stolen my bloody pram.
I don't care a buggar,
I'll go and get another.
Arsehole! Shit! Fuck! Piddle! Buggar! Damn!
Some bastard's stolen my bloody pram.

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Four harlots down in Mexico were sitting down to dine,
The topic of conversation was "Is your twot bigger than mine?"

Chorus: Oh tickle by arse, and bugger my tits,
And suck my slimy slue,
Rattle your nuts across my guts,
And join the poxy crew.

The first one said "It's mine, for mine's as big as the sea,
Ships sail in, and ships sail out, and rigging and mast go free!"

The second one said, "It's mine, for mine's as big as the air,
Birds fly in, and birds fly out, and never disturb a hair!"

The third one said "It's mine, for mine's as big as the moon,
Men go up for New Years Day, and don't come down till June!"

The fourth one said "It's mine, for mine's the biggest of all,
The rush of my monthly water, is as big as Niagara Fall!"
Chorus:- Tickle my arse etc.

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THE MOUNTAINS OF CAIRNS.

Tune: "The Mountains of Mourne."

Oh Mary, this Melbourne's a wonderful place,
With Winkas and Groupers all over the place,
But the only staff officer Cairns ever greets,
Is the one who complains of our dress on the streets.
Oh, there's tons of equipment in Melbourne, it's true,
But it's not for bastards like me or like you,
So stop your complaining, you're lucky to be,
Where the mountains of Cairns roll down to the sea.

Oh I went to the Barracks, and whom did I see,
But I blighter I knew, and a Winker was he,
His clothes were so splendid that I must confess,
I was really ashamed as we went to the mess.
There were medals and ribbons of every hue,
And nobody there was below a Flight-Lieu,
Such cushions and comforts as you'll never see,
Where the mountains of Cairns roll down to the sea.

I wandered through Melbourne, this beautiful place,
And saw such contentment on every face,
I listened at windows, I looked in each door,
It's certain that they never think of the war.
For everyone's prosperous, banking their gold,
They'll be all millionaires when it's seven years old,
But still for all that, dear, I'd much rather be,
Where the mountains of Cairns roll down to the sea.

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Off to Milne Bay we did go, to meet those cows from Tokio,
 Hardships, you bastards, you don't know what hardships are!
 Four hundred miles of bloody drink, and how our underclothes
 Hardships you bastards etc. did stink,
 Our dials and clocks were shaky and our engines running hot,
 But when we saw that friendly shore it looked a decent spot,
 But then to finish off the trip, the drome was just a boggy
 Hardships you bastards etc. strip,

Finally we landed there, our attitude was debonair,
 Hardships, you bastards etc
 We found the tee-ing up was nix, thanks to Squadron 76,
 Hardships you bastards etc.
 We had to put up tents and flys and build dispersal bays,
 We ate camp pie and bully beef for days and bloody days,
 Our ground troops they had not arrived,
 The sea trip p'raps they'd not survived,
 Harships, you bastards etc.

Then one day the Zeros came, to show the boys how they could
 Hardships, you bastards etc aim,
 They looped and stalled and spun around, and burnt one kite
 Hardships you bastards etc. upon the ground.
 We had to fly at dawn each day, get up before the sun,
 In fact the whole damn show for us was not much bloody fun,
 Seventy Six at last got there, shot one poor bastard from the
 Hardships, you bastards etc. air

Mosquitoes grabbed you by the hair and lifted you from out
 Hardships you bastards etc. your chair.
 Two foot six from wing to wing, and each one had a point five
 Hardships you bastards etc. sting,
 They'd strafe and dive-bomb every bloke when they were on the
 Ignore your light and heavy flak, a really rotten show, /go,
 The nets we used had no effect, 'gainst Squadron, wing or man
 Hardships you bastards etc. attack,

.....00000.....

HARDSHIPS FOR GENTLEMEN

You just reach and press the bell, when you live in Hyde's
 Hardships etc Hotel.
 The dishes on the menu are, ranged from sweets to caviare,
 Hardships etc.
 They make you pay a special rate so you won't lose your dough
 And when the 18 gallons off they bring a doz. or so,
 But in the lap of luxury, in our own mess soon we'll be,
 Harships you bastards, you don't know what hardships are.

.....00000.....

Hardships for Bar Officers.

I have to count the bloody cash while the raindrops round me
 Hardships etc. splash,
 The mob crowd in around the bar, God knows where the tickets
 Hardships etc. are,
 Chocolate, cash, and stores and beer, and winges every day,
 They're crying out for refunds now they know I cannot pay,
 The Barracks job at me they've chucked, Wet bed, no tea, by,
 Hardships you bastards etc. Christ I'm fucked,

.....00000.....

We fight the war from Hyde's hotel, then take off for the jaws
 Hardships you bastards etc. of hell,
 We fly for twenty hours or more, our beards grow long our arse-
 Hardships you bastards etc. holes sore,
 The rotten bloody river is as narrow as a road,
 The wind is right across it and the tide is always low,
 We turn the Cat across the wind, and hope to Christ we haven't
 Hardships you bastards etc. sinned,

She sticks her nose up in the air, and cracks her wing tip on a
 Hardships etc. flare,
 The flare goes out, the bloody mark, -You bore it up her in the
 Hardships etc. dark,
 You get the bastard on the step and try to hold it straight,
 The bloody second pilot shoves the throttles through the gate,
 The engineer forgets the floats, -we swerve like hell to miss the
 Hardships you bastards etc. boats,

She bounces twice and comes unstuck, so now we're flying, Hooray
 Hardships you bastards etc. Fuck!
 A mountain looms up right in front, we swing away to miss the
 Hardships etc. cunt,*
 We keep the bastard turning till we're heading out to sea,
 The navigator goes down aft to have a nervous pee,
 The Wag relaxes in his chair, -his eyes still have that glassy
 Hardships you bastards etc. stare,

We're on a raid across the foam, our thoughts are how to get back
 Hardships etc. home
 The clouds come up, great towering cu, All we can do is bust
 Hardships etc. right through,
 The target looms up through the night, we make our bloody run,
 The bastards let us have it with a six inch ack-ack gun,
 The game is hard, it sure does stink, When all our bombs drop in
 Hardships etc. the drink

We turn her round and head for home, while overhead the zeros
 Hardships etc. roam,
 Now that we are in the clear we think of home and pots of beer,
 Hardships etc.
 We're almost back, we've only got a hundred miles to go,
 The engineer calls up and says the petrol's getting low,
 We throttle back and start to pray,
 Then Cairns looms up across the bay,
 Harships you bastards etc.

At last we get her down all right, after flying all the night,
 Hardships etc.
 We fuck around and moor her up, then go ashore in a Chapman Pup,
 Hardships etc.
 We go up to the I.O's room and spin a bloody tale,
 Then to the mess we go to sink a fucking pint of ale,
 Our ears are sore, our eyes are red, completely fucked we go to bed.
 Hardships, you bastards, you don't know what hardships are!

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[* cunt, Brit, a fool, from French 'con']

ON THE SHORES OF MILNE BAY.

Page 54

Tune: By the banks of the Nile.

On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where you sink in the mud to your chests,
Where you can't sleep at night,
For a hundred and one different pests,
I've been bit on the navel, the arms and the breast,
I've been bit on the places the girls like the best.
On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where the jungle grows down to the sea.

On the shores of Milne Bay,
Fair dinkum! I've never felt worse,
I've had every complaint,
From typhus to dying of thirst.
I don't see the M.O. for fear he will say,
Get on the Manunda, she's leaving today,
From the shores of Milne Bay,
Where the jungle rolls down to the sea.

On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where the girls wear a string and grass skirts,
But your not in the race,
Especially if they see you first.
So all wives and sweethearts will be glad to know,
It's not hard for airmen to keep self-control,
On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where the jungle grows down to the sea.

On the shores of Milne Bay,
For six months we've never seen beer,
But we all brew our own, *time*
One charge, -and you'll stand on your ear.
This jungle juice acts like a ~~live~~ bomb they say,
You drink it at night and explode the next day,
On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where the jungle grows down to the sea.

On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where we long for the bright City lights,
And a day on the spree,
Or a good sort to cuddle at night.
I wish that the girls would all dress themselves here,
For each time I see them it makes me feel queer,
On the shores of Milne Bay,
Where the jungle grows down to the sea.

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The Professor.

~~The position of~~ a woman that appeals to man's depravity,
Is fashioned with inestimable care,
And what appears to some to be a simple little cavity,
Is really an elaborate affair.

And doctors who have troubled to study the phenomena,
In numbers of experimental dames,
Have made a list of many things in femina abdomina,
And given them delightful Latin names.

There's the vulva, the vagina, and the jolly peroneum,
And the hymen, that's not found in many brides,
And lots of other gadgets you would like if you could see 'em
The cliterous, and Christ knows what besides.

And so it seems a pity, when we common people chatter,
Of these mysteries to which I have referred,
We should give to such a delicate and complicated matter,
Such a very short and unattractive word.

The Laymen

The erudite professors who study the geography,
Of that obscure but interesting land,
Are enabled to indulge a taste for intimate topography,
And view the scenic details close at hand.

But ordinary mortals, though aware of the existence,
Of complexities beneath the public knoll,
Are normally content to survey them at a distance,
And treat, them, roughly speaking, as a whole.

So when we try to probe the secrets of virginity,
We exercise a simple sense of touch,
We do not cloud the issue with meticulous Latinity,
We call the whole affair a "such and such."

For men have made this useful but inelegant commodity,
The subject of innumerable jibes,
And though the name they call it by is not without its oddity
It seems to fit the object it describes.

The Expert

Despite the controversy 'twixt the layman and professor,
A woman's view will still remain the same,
And from those who strive to be the current Don Juan's successor
The technically skilled will win the game.

The vulva and vagina small importance will retain,
If one treats it, roughly speaking, as a whole,
But the expert really slays 'em when he plays a sweet refrain,
On complexities beneath the public knoll.

So when we try to probe the secrets of virginity,
We need a trained musician's sense of touch,
We must combine a basic knowledge of intimate topography,
With the layman's rather neolithic clutch.

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THE WOMAN'S REPLY.

You highly skilled anatomists are really rather comical,
Despite your pseudo-scientific facts,
For all your little arguments on matters anatomical,
Have very little bearing on your acts,

You may agree to differ, and make learned dissertations,
On the relative importance of a name,
But women know that when it comes to intimate relations,
Your reactions are essentially the same.

And furthermore when you describe in phrases so meticulous,
A comparatively simple little vent,
You take no account of all the terms so rude and so ridiculous,
Which designate the gadgets of a gent.

Perhaps it is because you find your emblems of virility,
So very inconvenient to hide,
That jealousy induces you to scoff at our ability,
To tuck our privacies away inside.

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SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing,
Wasn't that a funny dish to set before a king?

The King was in his counting-house,
Counting out his pelf,
The queen was in the parlour,
Fingering herself,
The maid was in the pantry,
Trying to tell the groom,
That the vagina, not the rectum,
Was the entrance to her womb.

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LAST NIGHT, I PULLA DA PUD.

Tune: Funiculi, Funicula.

Last night, I pulla da pud, Shado me good, I knew she would!
I don't believe my eyes, she such a size, That when she rise!
First, I do da long stroke,
I usa da hand, that make her stand,
Then I try da short stroke,
It feel so grand, I tickle da gland!
Bash it! Crack it! Smack it on the floor!
Bite it! Smite! Push it through the door,
Now some go in for buggary, and find a rectum pretty good,
But for absolute enjoyment, why, I always pulla da pud.

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A little maiden passing by,
A little winking of the eye,
A little smile, a little date,
To meet you when the hour is late.
A little promise, not to tell,
A little room in some hotel,
A little fussing in a chair,
A little mussing of the hair.
A little drink, a last carress,
A little question answered "Yes!"
A little shirt waist laid aside,
A little breast that tries to hide,
A little hand that went to stealing,
A little pleased and funny feeling,
A little coax, a little teasing,
A little form that was most pleasing.
A pair of panties mostly lace,
A little blush upon the face,
A little shading of the light,
A little bed with sheets so white.
A little loving in the gloom,
A little sigh in quiet room.
A pair of lips so warm and wet,
A little whisper "Please, not yet!"
A little pillow from the head,
Slipped beneath the hips instead.
A little effort to begin,
A little help to get it in.
Two little arms that grip me tight,
A question "Does it feel alright?"
A little sigh "It feels so good"
And I reply, "I thought it would!"
Two little legs around me twine,
Two happy eyes look into mine,
A little movement to and fro,
A little "Ah!", a little "Oh!"
A little surge of something hot,
A Whisper "Give me all you've got!"
Two little hearts that beat as one,
Two little lovers having fun!

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"Sambo was a lazy coon"

Sambo was a lazy coon,
He'd go to sleep all afternoon,
Lazy was he, Lazy was he!
Often to the woods he's creep,
Just to have a quiet sleep,
Under a tree,
When along came a bee, singing this song,
"Buzz, Buzz, Buzz, Buzz,"
Go away, you bumble been,
I ain't no rose,
I ain't no prairie flower, get off my fuckin' nose.
Get off my sexual organ, you can't stay there,
But if you want some fun, you can try my bum,
But you won't find honey there.

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THAT'S WHAT THEY TAUGHT ME WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL

With my hand on myself, what have I here,
This is my Ticky-box, My Mother dear,
This is my Ticky Box, Nicky, Nacky Noo,
That's What they taught me when I went to School.

With my hand on myself, what have I here,
This is my eye-blinker, My Mother Dear,
Eye-blinker, Ticky-Box, Nicky-Nacky-Noo,
That's what they taught me when I went to school

With my hand on myself, what have I here?
This is my snot-catcher, My Mother Dear,
Snot-catcher, Eye-blinker, Ticky-box, Nicky-Nacky-Noo,
That's what they taught me when I went to school.

Bull-shiter

Chin-wiper

Milk-sucker

Umbelica

Kidney-Wiper

Left-testicle etc

That's what they taught me when I went to school!

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A farmer's dog once came to town, his christian name was "Spot",
He had a noble pedigree, it was "Ponis" out of "Twot",
And as he trotted down the street, it was wonderful to see,
Him piss against each lamp-post, and piss against each tree.

How pissed against each gateway, he pissed against each post,
For pissing was his specialty, and pissing was his boast.
The city curs looked on amazed, with growing jealous rage,
The see a simple country the pissor of the age.

Some thought that he a king might be, of legend long forgot,
Whose arschole shone like molten gold, and smelled like bergamot.
Then each one sniffed him critically, the smelt him two by two,
But the farmer's dog with high disdain stood still till they were through.

Then just to show his mettle that he didn't care a damn,
He trotted to a grocer's shop and pissed upon a ham,
He pissed against the grocer's leg, he pissed upon the floor,
Till the goocer with a bullseye kick sent him pissing out the door.

The other dogs from round the town lined up with instincts true,
To start a pissing carnival to piss the stranger through,
They showed him every pissing place they had about the town,
And started in with many a wink to piss the stranger down.

They sent for champion pissers, in training and condition,
Who soetimes did a pissing stunt, or pissed for exhibition,
They sprang them on him suddenly, one mid-day in the town,
But Spot sedately polished off the ablest white and brown.

And Spot was with them every time, with vigour and with vim,
A hundred pisses more or less were all the same to him,
And Spot was pissing merrily, with hind leg hoisted high,
When most were hoisted just for bluff, and pissing mighty dry.

Then Spot sought out new pissing grounds, midst piles of scrap
The boldest pissor of them all was pissed to a dead / until
standstill,

Then followed free-hand pissing, with fancy flirts and flings,
Such as double-drop, and gimlet-twist, and suchlike graceful things.

But never a wink gave the farmer's dog, nor whine, nor bark nor
He pissed his journey out of town, the same as he'd pissed in / grin
The city curs, in Latin phrase, lost a ll their "Conce itus"
And never guessed, until this day, that Spot had diabetes.

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THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

The sexual life of a camel is stranger than anyone thinks,
In the days of Queen Cleopatra he tried to bugar the Sphinx,
But the Sphinx's posterior passage was clogged by the sands
of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump of the camel, and the Sphinx's
inscrutable smile.

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THE SHORES OF OLD MILNE BAY

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Tune: The Marine's Hymn.

There was once a gang of Japanese,
Who hailed from Tokio way,
They'd been told of South expansion,
A new Empire, come what may.
Had not Heaven assured their Emperor,
That o'er the South he would hold sway,
But their cherished hopes were blasted,
On the shores of Old Milne Bay.

Chorus: And we planted 'em, the bastards,
On the shores of Old Milne Bay.

There was once a bunch of Aussies,
Who were posted to Milne Bay.
They were tough, and tall, and ugly,
Resourceful, bright and gay.
So they took off in their fighters,
And they shot Nips down that day,
And we planted 'em, the bastards,
On the shores of Old Milne Bay.

Chorus: And we planted 'em, the bastards etc

There arose some mighty heroes,
On the shores of Old Milne Bay,
Dip the lid to blokes like Truscott,
And shout a Hip-Hooray!
For he got right in among them,
With Turnbull too, they say,
And we planted Nips by thousands,
On the shores of Old Milne Bay.

Chorus: And we planted Nips by thousands etc

Yes, we licked the yellow bastards,
On the shores of Old Milne Bay,
Let 'em come then, in their thousands,
And we'll stuff 'em any day.
Oh, we bombed, and strafed, and sunk 'em,
And we mowed 'em down like hay,
And we planted 'em the bastards,
On the shores of Old Milne Bay.

Chorus: And we planted 'em, the bastards,
On the shores of Old Milne Bay.

.....0000.....

Banish the use of those four letter words,
Whose meaning is never obscure,
Who Anglos and Saxons, those bawdy old birds,
Were vulgar, obscene and impure.
But cherish the use of the whodlin phrase,
That never quite says what it means,
You'd better be known for your hypocrite ways,
Than as vulgar, impure, and obscene.

When nature is calling, plain speaking is out,
Whenever the ladies are milling about,
You may "Woo-woo", "Make Water", or "Empty the Glass",
You may "Powder your nose", "Spend a penny" will pass,
You may "Shake off the lily", "See a man about a dog",
Or when you're quite soused it's "Condensing a fog",
But friend, please remember, if you would know bliss,
That only in Shakespeare do characters "Piss"

A woman has bosoms, a bust, or a breast,
Those lily white swellings that bulge 'neath her vest,
They are "Towers of Ivory" or "Sheaves of new wheat",
In a moment of passion "ripe apples to eat",
You may speak of her nipples as "Towers of Fire",
With hardly a question of raising her ire,
But by Rabelais' board, she'll throw several fits,
If you speak of them roundly as "good honest tits".

It's a cavern of joy we are speaking of now,
A "Warm tender field awaiting the plough",
It's a quivering pigeon, carressing your hand,
Like the National Anthem, it makes us all stand,
Or perhaps it's a "Flower, a velvety bell",
Which responds to your touch as it rings a soft knell,
But friend, heed this warning, beware the affront,
Of aping the Saxon, don't call it a cunt.

Though the lady repels your advance, she'll be kind,
As long as you intimate what's on your mind.
You may tell her you're "Hungry", you may "need to be stung",
You may ask her to see how your crotchings are hung,
You may mention the "ashes that need to be hauled",
"Put the lid on the saucepan", even "Lay's" not too bald,
But the moment you're forthright, be ready to duck,
For the girl isn't born who will stand for "Let's Fuck!"

So banish the words that Elizabeth used,
When she was the queen on the throne,
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised,
By the four letter word all alone.
Let your morals be loose as an aldorman's vest,
If your language is always obscure,
Today not the act, but the word is the test,
Of the vulgar, obscene and impure.

ODE TO THE BLITZKRIEG

Page. 61

It's ten o'clock the sirens sound, all the family goes to ground,
Down the garden helter skelter, dive into the bloody shelter,
Chairs and gas masks follow suit, Father rolls in minus boot,
Shouting out the old refrain, "The rotten bastard's here again!"

Says the whole damned things a farce, Ma says "you can kiss my
Settle like sardines in bed, Father bumps his bloody head, "arse"
Daughter dons her siren suit, Pa can't find his other boot,
Thinks he left it under bed, pulls the piss-pot out instead.

Can't find matches anywhere, Father says another prayer,
Places bottle in the rear, Ma says "Don't forget the beer".
Hostile aircraft overhead, Father's snores would wake the dead,
Someone treads upon his foot, "Where the hell's that bloody boot!"

Dozes off, uneasy sleep, overhead the searchlights creep,
Then nearby a big bomb falls, Pa wakes up and mutters "Balls!"
Sounds just like the crack of doom,
Willie wants to leave the room,
Starts to cry, and he won't chuck it, Mother runs to fetch the bucket.

Silence greets the midnight hour, night as dark as Satan's bower,
Father farts, a real beaut helter, nearly wrecks the bloody shelter

Encores with another ripper, Mother hits him with a slipper,
Willie thinks it's just a game, tries his best to do the same.

Father curses, raves and rants, Little Willie craps his pants,
Feeling that's beyond a joke, Pa decides to have a smoke.
Odour somewhat over-ripe, "Where the hell's my bloody pipe?"
Searches shelter, what a task, then puts on his bleeding mask.

Storms and swears in muffled tones,
Horrible are Willie's groans,
Siren's sounding the "All-clear", Pa goes off and takes his beer.
How peaceful is our pleasant land, Jerrie's gone, now ain't life grand.

.....0000000000.....

THE WINKER AND THE W.A.A.A.F.

The Winker and the W.A.A.A.F. went strolling I declare,
Down by the river, and they didn't see me there.
The Winker he was bashful, the W.A.A.A.F. she was shy,
He asked if he could do it,
And this was her reply.

You can do it if you like,
But you've got to do it right,
You didn't ought to do it like you did the other night,
'Cos if you do, I won't be true,
I'll never let you do it again, (I mean the laundry),
I'll never let you do it again.

....0000000000.....

Tune. The Bells of Hell go Ting-a-ling.

The Dougs go farting through the air, for you but not for me,
We sit all day at T.M.O., with bugger all to see,
We're drwned in dust and mucked about, and pushed from plane to
plane,

Oh Buggar T.M.O., Oh Buggar T.M.O., Oh Buggar T.M.O. again,
Yes, Buggar T.M.O., Yes Buggar T.M.O., Yes Buggar T.M.O. again.

The Dougs they come, the Dougs they go, and fighter by the score
Big bombers pass to paste the Jap until his arse is sore,
But not the Jap's alone are sore, strip-sitting makes ours worse,
So bugger T.M.O., so bugger T.M.O., so Buggar T.M.O. and curse,
Yes, bugger T.M.O. etc

It looks as if we'll be troppo, before the day is out,
We've got our movement orders fixed, but still we sit it out.
We've been an adjutant, but shiny bums have we,
Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh Buggar T.M.O., Oh T.M.O. to buggary,
Oh bugger T.M.O. etc.

We're parched with thirst, and full of grit, from navel to the
We do not even go to shit in case our Doug is there, hair,
We squat and squirm, and shift about, and rock from cheek to
Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh bugger T.M.O. / check.
all week.

Our eyes they slowly start to glaze, our lids are choked with dirt
Our limbs are stiff, our bladders dry, we cannot raise a squirt,
Our skin it cracks, our blood congeals, we slowly rot away,
Oh bugger T.M.O. Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh bugger T.M.O. all day.

The corporal's sick to death of us, we're sick to death of him,
We're sick to death of everything, the outlook's bloody grim,
"A war is on", we're often told, but it's bugger all to us,
Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh bugger T.M.O. and cuss.
Oh bugger T.M.O. etc

We've had this bloody stand araound, we've had this bloody war
We're told we'll soon be home for good, but we've heard that
before,

The bullshit's flying thick and fast, and still we sit around,
Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh bugger T.M.O. all round.
Oh bugger T.M.O. etc.

And so when Tojo's dead and gone, and trippers roam these isles
They'll find a derelict boong hut, with bones around in piles,
And scratched upon the sand they'll see, and read it with a sig
Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh bugger T.M.O., WE DIE!
Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh bugger T.M.O., Oh bugger T.M.O., WE DIE!

.....00000000.....

Tunc. The Martins and the Mc.Coy.

This is the story of a Squadron,
That went to serve their country at Milne Bay,
Of how they braved the bloody Zeros,
But the men they called the heroes,
Were the men who served the W.A.A.F.'s at N.E.A.
Where they drink their morning tea, and draw their pay,
For they think there's nothing finer,
Than a service type vagina,
And you won't find any Dinah, At Milne Bay.

Just a horring-gutton strip in the jungle,
Where the clouds around the coconuts do stay,
Jap commandos dressed in green,
Used to lurk in the latrine,
And we buried them in beans every day.
For a little solid excrement we'd pray.
You can fight against temptation,
But you can't beat gravitation,
And there ain't no constipation, At Milne Bay.

We were put on a job the next morning,
And the future was looking far from bright,
'Twas too wet for navigation,
And we got lost in formation,
And a cruiser came and shelled us in the night,
And we all looked a bloody awful sight.
For you quickly lose your keen-ness,
When there's hookworms in your penis,
And your arschole isn't properly watertight.

And then we went out to shadow cruisers,
With our skyhooks working at full bore,
Oh, we did great deeds of daring,
But we got no gong from Garing,
So he sent us out next day to look for more.
We made landfall on Woodlark's lonely shore,
100 Squadron, led by Balmer,
Waited till the sky was calmer,
And Air Board now is looking for our gore.

Now take our adventures as a warning,
Don't let this happen to you,
Just control your fighting blood, son,
You only fly a Hudson,
And never go cavorting in the air,
For if you do you'll end up quite SNAFU,
Turn back well before the gloaming,
And just concentrate on homing,
And remember that your "George" will see you through,
And if a motor seizes,
Trust in "George" and not in Jesus,
And you'll live to sign another A.I.U.

THE KIT-KAT STYLE

Page 64

Tune: Elmer's Tune.

What is this feeling revealing contentment complete,
What makes our leisure a pleasure whenever we meet,
Let Mr. Bacchus attack us with alcohol neat,
It's the KIT-KAT STYLE.
What is this purring recurring and filling the air,
The seventy fivers survivors are out on the tear,
Each Cat and kitten is smitten, but what do we care,
It's the KIT-KAT STYLE.
Oh Listen, listen, what a lot the other crowds are missin',
Sing it, swing, lap it up like milk and make your tonsils like
And pump your bellows, you fellows, get set on the mark, silk,
You know the night time's the right time, Cats see in the dark.
Let's sing a "V" song, a gloo song, old Tojo to mark,
For that's the KIT-KAT STYLE.
In brilliant fettle is Bethal, without him we're sunk,
We're like a twig that been frigged, and just lopped off the
In D.R.O's, I suppose, he's tonight's duty drunk, trunk,
For that's the KIT-KAT STYLE..
Doc's Bake and Doakin, while I'm speakin',
A partnership with Dan Magrew are seekin',
I surmise it, they'll advertise it,
"Break your leg in the sky, we'll set it up while you fly!".
And old Lex Winton is tintin' from evening to dawn,
His black moustaches, with splashes, he's posted, forlorn,
So test your muscle, and tussle with John Barleycorn,
For that's the KIT-KAT STYLE.
.....000000.....

IT'S HAD IT

Tune: Asleep in the deep.

Breasting each wave with no thought of Dave,
The enemy convoy sails,
Sneaking along with a murderous throng,
Probably out of jails,
While ever nearer the Cat boys stray,
The "Lordy Box" giving the show away,
The convoy's near, so give a cheer,
This is the start of a JAPPY NEW YEAR.

Chorus

Here come's young Davey, intent on a blitz,
While in the transports they're getting the shits,
Nippon beware! George is up there!
Danger is near thee! Beware! Beware! Beware! Take care!
Honorable japs have a touch of the craps, So Beware! Beware!
Drown in your bath, here's your epitaph,
"IT'S HAD IT! YOU SHIT!"

.....000000.....

I know they say I'm awfully hot, and indulge myself an awful lot,
I'd rather be like this than not, - Now that I know Walter.

On my first walk with Walter Lee, Before he'd been an hour with me
He put his hand upon my knee, - a forward boy is Walter.

He soon got to my "you know what", and touched it on a certain
I felt so randy, who would not, with a saucy boy like Walter ~~spot~~.

He said "Oh, what a little pet", I felt myself come awfully wet,
And wanted pushing you can bet, - I wanted it from Walter.

He took it out, Oh what a size, It grew and swelled before my eyes,
And then it got between my thighs, - a pushing boy is Walter.

And when he got it right in me, the times I came exceeded three,
I love a push, and so does he, - a good old sport is Walter!

Next night he took me in a boat, we had a lovely push afloat,
I really thought he'd reach my throat, A lanky boy is Walter.

And then he pushed me five times more, until my pussy was quite
But still I cried and cried for more, - I'm greedy when with ~~sore~~.
Walter

Next night we walked about a mile, Kissing, squeezing all the while,
And then he did me on a stile, - So versatile is Walter.

And often by some hedge or fence, He gave to me it's eminence,
He did it right in every sense, A successful boy is Walter.

Once on a common, in the scrub, He tickled, squeezed and sucked my
Then brought it on in three short rubs, - bubs
A rapid boy is Walter.

And then he pushed me from behind, - You try it, girls, I'm sure
You get a most delightful grind, you'll find,
I always do from Walter.

Then we played another game, He sucked my bubs until I came,
Girls! Get your boysto do the same,
Oh, such soft lips has Walter

Once in a nice deserted field, He licked my bubs until I squealed.
I must confess I then did yield, to feeling, stealing, Walter.

In sweet embrace and tightly locked, we to and fro in passion
What silly girl would not be blocked, by sliding, gliding Walter
rocked,

Now all you girls, sweet and sedate, Enjoy yourselves it's not
And have a grind, it's simply great, - and if you doubt, ask Walter.
too late

.....000000.....

Thanks for the memory,
Of chlorinated tea-meals of M. and V,
The great variety of wogs peculiar to N.G.
How lovely it was!
Thanks for the memory,
Of pictures in the rain, softening of the brain,
The never ending struggle to remain completely sane,
How lovely it was!

Many's the time that I've sweated,
When I heard the sound of a Zero,
Guess I'm not built for a hero,
It wasn't fun, but did I run!

Thanks for the memory,
That fascinating tale of the date we were to sail,
The aggravating mystery of late arriving mail,
How lovely it was!
Thanks for the memory,
Of goldfish from the tin, diseases of the skin,
Complexion pastel yellow from the bloody atebrin,
How lovely it was.

Seldom the times we feasted,
But often the times we fasted,
'Twas then we called everyone bastards,
But we lived on, a few pounds gone.

Thanks for the memory,
Of wet and smelly duds, of dehydrated spuds,
The horrors of the jungle juice that tasted like old spuds.
How lovely it was!
Thanks for the memory,
Developing a hate, of living celibate,
And those persistent day-dreams of a lovely long-haired mate,
How lovely it was!

Awfully glad I caught the draft,
Next time I might be late,
And thank you so much!

THE TRIP TO HEAVEN

Pa 30.67

She was a village maiden, with red and rosy cheeks,
She went to Church and Sunday school, and prayed in accents sweet,
He was the Reverend Minister, who loved to watch her face,
So full of true devotion, so beautiful with grace.

And as he sauntered home with her, when service it was o'er,
He often spoke of Heaven, and of that Golden Shore.
Up spoke the village maiden, "Oh Father dear, cried she,
The world I'd give, if I but once, that Golden shore could see.

"Then come into my parlour, when the lights are burning low,
"And we will say a prayer or two, and heavenward will go!"
She entered by the Vicarage gate, right on the stroke of nine,
"Good evening," said the minister, "I see you are on time."

"Before we take this journey, we must ourselves prepare,
"For you know, my little darling, they wear no garments there,"
The maiden blushed a little, then threw her clothes aside,
For she knew she had naught to fear, while by the Vicar's side.

"Oh tell me, Reverend Father, what is that great big thing,
"That's hanging there between your legs, so long, so smooth, so thick"
"That is the key to Heaven, - between your leg's the lock,
It has the works and motion, just like an eight day clock."

Six times they went to Heaven, before that night was o'er,
And every time he tried to stop, she clearly asked for more.
And early in the morning, he hid his head in shame,
"My God! What a calamity I've brought upon your name!"

"You damned old fool, you're thick as mud, and very soon you'll see
"You've gone and got yourself a dose, your son John gave to me,"
"And let this be a warning, you silly damned old fool,
That they are not all virgins who attend your Sunday School.

And now, my poor old parson, that you have had your fun,
"You'll find that you have got a dose, through John, your loving son,
"And when your prick's in bandages, go to your wife and tell,
That you took a trip to Heaven, and ended up in Hell."
.....0000000000.....

WHANG-PU BLUES.

From H.M.A.S. "Whang-Pu

Now that I am far away, my pilot light is out,
What used to be my sex appeal, is now my waterspout,
I used to be embarrassed to make the thing behave,
For every single morning it would stand to watch me shave,
Now that I am far away, it does give me the blues,
To have the thing just hang it's head, and watch me shine my shoes.
.....0000000000.....

A friend of mine went hunting out in Africa,
Seeking the lion and giraffe,
And left his wife to languish home in England,
For a period of some two years and a half.

At last, grown tired of equatorial wanderings,
We went to seek his lady, sad and lone,
Forgetting that he carried in his suitcase,
Some things no married man should ever own.

Of course he said he never had to use them,
They were simply a precaution that he took,
And his wife just happened to discover them,
While looking through his baggage for a book.

She asked him what the dinky little things were,
And you really couldn't blame him if he lied.
He told her they were "LITTLE KAFFIR PURSES",
And she took them all, completely satisfied.

She took them then, and hid them in a cupboard,
And foolishly he didn't seek them out,
And then he went away to hunt in Iceland,
For a period of a week, or thereabout.

Then the Vicar sent an urgent message to him,
"Come back before the matter goes too far,
"Your wife today insisted upon selling,
Kaffir Purses at our local Church bazaar!"

.....0000000000.....

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violet time,
In the vilest way that you know,
Ruthlessly ravish me, lasciviously lavish me,
On me no mercy bestow.
To gentle handling I'm cold and oblivious,
I like a man who is lewd and lascivious,
So violate me, in the violet time,
In the vilest way that you know.

.....0000000000.....

Old folks, young folks, everybody come,
To the Darkies Sunday School, and make yourselves at home,
Bring your stick of chewing gum, and sit upon the floor,
And I'll tell you bible stories that you've never heard before

Now Moses was the leader of the Israelites they say,
He led them through the desert, they got thirsty on the way,
So with a magic wand he struck the rock and looked quite queer
When out instead of water came Foster's La Ger Beer.

Jonah was a traveller, at least so runs the tale,
He booked an outward passage on a Trans-Atlantic whale.
But soon the fishy atmosphere got heavy on his chest,
So Jonah pressed the button, and the whale did the rest.

Pharaoh's lovely daughter was bathing in the Nile,
She went into the rushes where she found a lovely child,
She took it to the Palace, said she'd found it on the shore,
But Pharaoh winked his eye and said "I've heard that tale before."

Samson was a mighty man, the Philistines he slew,
He slew them in their thousands with the arse bone of a Jew,
But Samson had a weak spot, 'Twas a weakness for his cats,
A Philistine woman named Delilah got his goat.

Daniel, was a brave man, he went in the lion's den,
Not caring a damn if they ate him, or how, or where, or when
This went on day by bloody day, until this came to pass,
A great big bounding lion came, and bit him on the arse.

Solomon and David, they led such wicked lives,
They spent their time in nucking round with other people's wiv
At last their conscience pricked them, and gave them nasty
So Solomon wrote the proverbs, and King David wrote the
Psalms.

Joseph was a sporty boy, a real young Lochinvar,
He had some purple moments with the wife of Potiphar.
She made the going pretty hot, she was a dinkin flirt,
So Joseph up and left her in his underpants and shirt.

Chorus. Old folk, young folk everybody come, etc."

.....000000.....

This is the story of little Nanny,
Who suffered from Pruritis Ani,
The teacher noticed first at school,
That Nanny wriggled on her stool.
She kept young Nan in after class,
And made her show her itching arse,
"Those blisters on your proctodea eum",
"You'd better let a Doctor see'em!"
But Nan had had this idle talk,
And got to work with a dinner fork,
It didn't work, and five days later,
Her Mother missed the nutmeg grater,
They couldn't find the little kitten,
The corkscrew or the steel wool mitten,
The scrubbing brush, the saucepan scraper,
The beater or the emery paper,
And so she worked right through the kitchen,
To try and stop the awful itchin',
At last she used pure caustic soda,
But that did nothing but corrode her,
The rooting process had begun,
Her sphincters sloughed off one by one,
And though new worries now beset her,
They say that, on the whole, she's better.

.....000000.....

GRACE.

Her name was Grace, she was one of the best,
And that was the night I had her to test,
I looked at her with joy and delight,
For she was mine for all that night.

She looked so pretty, so sweet, so slim,
The night was dark, the light was dim,
I was so excited, my heart missed a beat,
For I knew that I was in for a treat.

I had seen her stripped, I had seen her bare,
I had felt her over everywhere,
But that was the night I liked her best,
And if you'll wait, I'll tell you the rest.

I got inside her, she screamed with joy,
For that was her first night out with a boy,
I got up high as quick as I could,
I handled her swell, she was Oh, so good!

I turned her over on her side,
Then on her back Oh, how I tried!
It was a thrill, she's the best in the land,
That twin engined bomber of Coastal Command.

.....000000.....

Every fucking morning, at half past fucking eight,
We meet the factory foreman at the fucking factory gate,
He says, "You know, you bastards, you're always fucking late,
"You'll be shovelling in the sewer all the morning."

Chorus. Down in the sewer, shovelling up manure,
Down in the sewer, shovelling up the shit,
Hear the shovels clang, as they go Bang! Bang!
It's the shit shovellers shovelling up the shit,
the shit, the shit,
It's the shit shovellers shovelling up the shit.

.....0000000000.....

GRAVEN A.

Tune: Steamboat Bill,
Now gather round you fellows, and if you'll be still,
I'll tell you of a bastard born at Bellevue Hill,
Born at Bellevue Hill but raised in Camberwell,
And the first three words he spoke were "Bloody fucking Hell!"

Chorus. Craven A, never heard of fornication,
Craven A, never had wet dreams,
Craven A, quite content with masturbation,
Fooling with his foreskin in the school latrines.

When he went to Geelong Grammar there was much ado,
He buggarred all the prefects and the masters too,
He was rusticated, so the records say,
For tossing off the Duke of York on Founder's Day.

His arrival at the Varsity was quite grotesque,
He went and laid his penis on his tutor's desk,
Said his tutor, "If it lies there in it's present state,
"Let me know so I can use it as a paper weight."

Said his Tutor, "There is one thing that I must impress,
"You must never masturbate in academic dress,
But Craven, just to show he didn't care a fuck,
Tossed off into the inkwell crying, "One for luck!"

Now Milly, his lady's daughter, small and wee,
Brought up her cunt each morning with his cup of tea,
She'd been up the stick so often that the Courts declare,
Her vagina constitutes a legal thoroughfare.

Now Susie was a prostitute from Melbourne Town,
She gamarouched a Proctor in his cap and gown,
The Proctor wrote to Craven saying "Pack your things,
"The shooting season opens on the twelfth at King's."

When Craven joined the Air Force he was much admired,
Although he pulled his stick each night he never tired,
They took up a collection for this famous bloke,
Who'd deftly change his hand and never lose a stroke.
Chorus. Craven A, never heard of fornication etc.

.....00000000.....

For forty odd years I've been buggared,
With all sorts of horrible pains,
I've had every ailment, I reckon,
From rupture to varicose veins.
Neuritis with me is a hobby,
I've bunions and corns on my feet,
I seem to breed stones in my bladder,
Like bloody big lumps of concrete.
I've spent a small fortune on chemists,
And been months in hospital beds,
And the stuff I have taken to shift things,
Has torn my poor anus to shreds.
I've a sciatic nerve that's a torture,
I'm told I've a valvular heart,
I strain like a bloody great earhorse,
Before I can squeeze out a fart.
Rheumatic gout in my fingers,
Has made them all sizes and shapes,
And the piles I have had on my rectum,
Hang down like big bunches of grapes,
My digestion at times is quite putrid,
If I have a square meal I feel sick,
And I get a most unpleasant feeling,
Like rats gnawing holes in my prick.
Uric acid, they say, is my trouble,
And I don't mind telling you this,
I've to whistle "The Last Rose of Summer",
To coax the old doodle to piss.
And as for a first class erection,
The idea is simply absurd,
For my tool's like an undersized maggot,
And as soft as a night-commode turd.
Despite the advice that I'm taking,
There isn't a day I feel fit,
I must s wallow an ounce of gunpowder,
Before I can bloody well shit.

SM

My time is all spent in the shit-house,
Or moaning and groaning in bed,
And my pals simply murmur in passing,
"It's time the poor bastard was dead!"

*****000000*****

Man is not old when his hair turns grey,
Man is not old when his teeth decay,
But man is approaching his last, long sleep,
When his mind makes dates that his body can't keep.

It's not the grey hairs that make a man old,
Or the far-away stare in his eyes, so I'm told,
When the mind makes a contract the body can't fill,
You're over the hill, brother, over the hill.

You may fool your young wife with the cleverest of lies,
You can shear a young lamb, pull wool over it's eyes,
But if she wants an encore, and you say you are ill,
You're over the hill, brother, over the hill,

When you gaze upon Venus, and just heave a sigh,
When you hear a good joke and laugh fit to die,
When it's all in your head, and you've lost all the thrill,
Then you're over the hill, brother, over the hill,

Life is a conflict, the battle is keen,
There are not many shots in the old magazine,
When you've ~~used the last~~ fired the last shell, and you
just can't refill,
You're over the hill, brother, over the hill.

Salvage the engine, old boy, if you can,
For Lydia Pinkman just can't help a man,
You can't make a man from a little pink pill,
If you're over the hill, brother, over the hill.

Yes, this is my counsel, alas and alack,
When you've squeezed out the toothpaste, you can't put it back,
So if you'd make whoopee, then don't wait until,
You're over the hill, brother, over the hill.

.....0000000.....

IF

(Apologies to Kipling)

If you can keep your wife when all around you,
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
And keep the faith of wives when all men doubt you,
And there's damned good reason for their doubting too,
If you can meet a girl and take her virtue,
Before you've even time to learn her name,
And say to virgins, "This is going to hurt you,"
And yet go on and do it just the same,
If you don't hesitate when she says "Maybe,"
But lead her on with every sort of lie,
And when she says she's going to have a baby,
Just quickly lift your hat and say "Goodbye,"
If you can meet a new girl every minute,
And not be faithful to a single one,
You're in the earth and every woman in it,
And what is more, you'll be a cad, my son!

.....000000.....

Now you've heard of the men of the Navy,
With guns up to eighteen inch bore,
They may look quite alright on their cruisers,
But they're no bloody good on the shore

Chorus Singing Toora-li-toora-li-addy,
Singing toora-li-toora-li-ay.
For we are Royal artillery,
And they pay us a dollar a day.

Now you've heard of the girls in the services
The WAAAF's and the Wrens and the rest,
They may look quite alright in their uniforms,
But they're no bloody good on the nest.

Now you've heard of the men of the Air Force,
The boys that parade in dark blue,
They can take all their bloody great aircraft,
And belt the things right up the flue.

Now you've heard of the Cameron Highlanders,
They say they are very well built,
They always parade with two bayonets,
One over, one under, the kilt.

Now you've heard of the men of the infantry,
They may have the guts and the grit,
But they can't do without the artillery,
For they always end up in the shit!

...00000...

[Poxy Flo]

Once two lovers met - they met in Piccadilly
One was Poxy Flo - the other Sybil's Willy - with his Toora Lora Laddie
and his Toora Lora Laddie
Bill said unto Flo - it's very nasty weather
Oh look my arse said Flo - so off they went together with his
Toora - lora - Laddie - his Toora - lora - lory
Flo lay on her back, Bill lay on her belly -
Flo supplied the crack - and Bill supplied the jelly -
From his Toora - lora - Laddie etc
Now all that came of this - this very mild flirtation,
was Flo, the coldish firs - and Bill got inflammation,
Of his Toora - lora - Laddie - etc

First Bastard

I'm a democratic figure in these democratic states,
A dandy demonstration of hereditary traits,
As the children of the baker bake the most delicious breads,
And the sons of Casanova fill the most exclusive beds,
As the Barrymores and Roosevelts and others I can name,

My position in the structure of Society I owe,
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.

My father was a gentleman and musical, to boot,
He played the grand piano in a house of ill repute
Madame was a lady, and a credit to her cult,
She enjoyed my father's playing, and I was the result.
So my mother and my father are the ones I have to thank,
That I am now the Chairman of the National City Bank.

Second Bastard.

In a cosy little farmhouse in a cosy little dell,
A dear old-fashioned farmer and his daughter used to dwell,
She was pretty, she was charming, she was gentle, she was mild,
And her sympathy was such she was frequently with child.
The year her hospitality attained it's record high,
She became the happy nanny of an infant, which was I,
And whenever she was gloomy, I could always make her grin,
By childish enquiring who my Pappy could have been,

The hired man was favoured by the girls of Nanny's set,
But the traveller from Scranton was an even money bet,
But such were Nanny's morals, and such was her allure,
That even Robert Balson wasn't absolutely sure,
So I took my Nanny's morals, and I took my Pappy's crust,
And now I am the founder of the Chase Investment Trust.

Third Bastard

In a cosy little chain gang, on a dusty Southern road,
My late lamented father had his permanent abode,
And some were there for stealing, but my daddy's only fault,
Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault.
His philosophy was simple, and free from moral tape,
Seduction is for sissies, but a man he wants his rape,
His total list of victims was embarrassingly rich,
And though one was my Nanny, he couldn't tell me which.

I never went to college, but I did get my degree,
And I reckon I'm a model of a perfect S.O.B.
I'm a debit to my country, but a credit to my dad,
I'm the most expensive Senator the country's ever had,
I remembered Father's warning that raping is a crime,
Unless you rape the voters, a million at a time.

Continued Overleaf.

Chorus of Three Bastards

Oh, my parents forgot to be married,
 Oh, my parents forgot to get wed,
 When the wedding bells chimed,
 It was always the time,
 When my parents were somewhere in bed,
 So thanks to our kind, loving parents,
 We are kings in the land of the free,
 Your Banker, Your Broker, Your Washington Joker,
 Three prominent bastards are we.

The Fourth Person (Not a Bastard)

I'm an ordinary figure in these democratic States,
 A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits,
 As the children of the cops possess the flattest kind of feet
 And the daughter of a floosie has a waggle in her seat,
 My position at the bottom of Society I owe,
 To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.

My Father was a marriedman, and what is even more,
 He was married to my Mother, I fact that I deplore,
 I was born in holy wedlock, consequently by and by
 I was rooked by every bastard with plunder in his eye,
 And I invested, I deposited, I voted every fall,
 But if I got a penny the bastards took it all,
 But at last I've learnt a lesson, and I'm on the proper track:
 I'm a self-appointed bastard, and I'm out to get it back.

.....00000.....

[END]

[Large stylized signature]
Sara Legman

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